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THOSE WHO NEVER DO WRONG.

BY N. D. W.

'Tis hard to labor from morn till night,
To plough the furrow and pluck the weeds,
For those who poorly the task requite,
And care but little for all our needs;
But the hardest work is to get along
With those who never do anything wrong.

You're sure to meet in the course of life
With men and women who freely state
Their own opinions, with yours at strife,
And you may endeavor to set them straight;
But you'll find it wiser to jog along
Than argue with those who never do wrong.

They never come with a tearful face,
And tender kisses, to make amends
For wounds inflicted; or say with grace,
"I'm sorry I forgive me, and let's be friends!"
But stern and unyielding they move along,
Convinced they have never done anything wrong.

This is a work-a-day world we're in,
And toils and troubles their round repeat;
But out of the tangles some gold we spin;
And out of the bitter extract some sweet;
But the hardest work is to get along
With those who never do anything wrong!

ALONG THE LINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA" "UNDER WILD SKIES" ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

I LOOKED on, hearing a word here and there, enough to show me that there had been a terrible accident somewhere down the line; and, while feeling sorry for the poor creatures, I could not help feeling thankful that I was safe so far as it was concerned.

"Oh, my man—John Black—you can return to your duty for the present."

I was very glad to get away; and I went out on to the platform, where I learned about the 'pitch-in," which had happened half an hour before, about fifty miles down the line—an engine having left the metals, through rotten sleepers, when the train had been hurled down an embankment.

That accident took up so much of the directors' attention that I heard no more of my slip, and, to Tod's disgust, I went on with my duties as usual.

Meanwhile I was busy with my scheme to cure Ned Hassall; and I used grimly to tell myself that I should be ruined in the item of brandy.

I used to feel astonished at the amount of spirit that the poor fellow would consume without seeming to be injured by it.

Make him intoxicated it never did, for I scarcely ever saw him a bit the worse for liquor.

I felt hopeful at last.

One morning, when I had given him a stronger dose than usual of brandy in his coffee, I saw him shudder; and at the sight of this sign I redoubled my exertions.

That day he did not come to me for drink money, and when I went back in the evening I found him looking rather strange, while, when I gave him a wineglassful of brandy at supper-time, instead of tossing it off directly, he sat playing with it, taking the glass up and putting it down again.

"This is very bad brandy, is it not?" he said at last, peevishly.

"No," I said; "the best to be had."

I took the glass up as if to smell it; but as I put it down, I contrived to slip, and spilt it over his clothes.

"Pah!" he exclaimed, shuddering at the smell, as he began to wipe it up with his handkerchief.

"I'm very sorry," I said; "but never mind, you shall have another glass."

He muttered something about not wanting one, but I gave it to him, and he sipped some of it, shuddering at the smell of the spilt spirit.

I felt satisfied that matters were going on right with Ned; and next morning, before I started for the box, I quietly went up into his bed-room, and poured some brandy in the water jug along with some methylated spirit, making the water smell strongly; and then, giving Mrs. Bell the bottle, I told her to pour a little into the broth she made for his dinner, and into his tea.

"Let him taste and smell brandy continually," I said.

"Sprinkle the sitting-room with it, so that he may always have the scent of it in his nostrils, till he grows so disgusted that he will not touch it again."

"I'm very, very much afraid that it will take a deal to do that."

"Never mind," I said, "let's try."

I went off to my duties, and felt very well satisfied with my progress till evening, when there was a summons at the box side, given after Ned's regular fashion—a few stones thrown up; and on going to the window, I could see him walking about in an excited way.

"Let me come up, John," he said, in a husky voice.

"I want you."

"You can speak where you are," I said. "No one will hear you."

"Oh, no, I can't shout out my troubles to you there."

"Nonsense!" I said.

"Speak low, and I can hear. Now, what is it?"

"It's been with me again, John," he said in a loud, harsh whisper. "I followed it down here, and missed it."

"Has it been telling you what a fool and scoundrel you are?" I said, smiling.

"Yes, more than ever," he whispered.

"It will do you good," I said gruffly.

"No, it does me no good," he said, petulantly.

"It makes me mad and angry, John, I shall do it a mischief."

"Ned, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to throw you down a white handkerchief with a shilling in it. Go and get yourself a drop and then go to bed."

"No" he said to my utter astonishment—"I don't want it. I'll have none to-night."

He turned angrily away, and an hour passed.

I had just answered a message from Talleyford, and turned a signal to "All right," when I gave quite a start, for there was a strange, ghastly face staring in at me through the window; and there in the strong light of my lamp it looked so weird, that for a few moments I did not recognize it as the face of Ned Hassall.

But when I did, I opened the door, and went to him on the little landing at the top of the ladder.

"What in the name of goodness brings you here?" I cried. "I thought you had gone home."

"It's so dull and lonely there, John. I'm afraid to stay there. Let me be with you till you go home."

"It's against the rules, and I will not break them," I said firmly.

"Now, Ned, like a good fellow, go down at once: I've a train coming by directly."

"Let me stop and see it go," he said, with the eagerness of a child.

"I want to see it go. Perhaps it may go in it, you know, John; and I shall feel more at rest."

"I cannot let you stay, my good fellow,' I said, resolutely.

"Come, get down. If you want to see a train go, you can do it just as well from the road, or go on to the platform, if you like. You'll find Bell there.

"Come."

I laid my hand on his shoulder, and saw him off the company's ground, for he seemed to choose the lane, and there I left him, to hurry back to my box, where I was again pretty busy; when, looking up, I fancied I saw Ned's ghastly face staring in at me through the glass.

I was just about shunting a train then, and could not go and look; but upon running to the door afterwards, there was not a sign of him to be seen.

"That's not fancy, though," I said, some little time after, as I looked up to see the same ghastly white face.

I ran to the door, threw it open, prepared to catch him angrily by the shoulder; but by the time I had the door open he was gone.

So wanting in activity was he now, that I was puzzled.

A sharp, light fellow might have dropped from the rail of the steps, and disappeared in the darkness; but it did not seem possible for this poor, drink-shattered man; and I stood there regularly puzzled.

But I could neither hear nor see any one; and, after listening for a moment, I called him four or five times over without obtaining any reply.

And I once more shut myself in, looked at my clock, and then, in turn, attended to the shunting goods train; sent on the light engine, with whose driver I had had more than one chat since; and, lastly, saw that all was right for the down mail, when—this being my last job for the night—I looked up as it thundered by, and once more felt sure that I saw Ned's head, as if he were watching the train.

"I'll have you this time, my lad," I said; and I went softly across the floor, threw open the door quickly, and made a clutch at—nothing!

"It's very strange!" I exclaimed—"I could have sworn he was there. Ah! there he goes!"

I listened, for there were footsteps on the ballast; but I became aware the next minute that it was James Gummer, coming to relieve me.

"Very dark," he said, climbing slowly up the ladder.

"Very.

"Meet anybody?"

"Not a soul," he said

"All right?"

"Yes, quite.

"Good night."

"Good night, Black; good night."

I went thoughtfully down the steps, across the line, into the lane, and along the road home, without meeting a soul, to find that there was something wrong with Mrs. Crookes; for Bell was singing the "Steam Arm," and Mrs. Bell was in tears.

"Well, old lady," I said, not seeing her red eyes, of course—"any news?"

"No, Mr. Black—none."

"Did you do as I asked you?"

"Not she," said Bell; "she's been drinking it instead."

"Abel!" exclaimed his wife.

"Don't notice him," I said.

"Where is——"

I nodded towards Ned's room.

"Oh, he went to bed about eight," said Mrs. Bell, "and I haven't seen or heard anything of him since."

And I could have sworn I had seen him three times since then.

It was strange, certainly; but might, after all, have been fancy.

* * * * * *

They were very melancholy nights those in late autumn, when there was no moon, and the wind soughed round the box, and played the most melancholy tunes on the telegraph wires, to which that box of mine seemed to make a sounding board, for I never heard their notes so clearly anywhere else.

I used to get very low-spirited and nervous sometimes, as I tried to keep myself busy there, but I'd a good deal on my mind.

There was all the past; and then Ned Hassall's case.

I had gone on with my plan, and had had so much success attend it, that I felt as if it would be folly to leave off: so I kept on persevering.

The quantity of brandy I used for that poor fellow was startling; but I gave him no rest—he had as much as he liked to drink, but at the very same time he had more.

Not a portion of food, not a drop of liquid of any kind, did he have without some brandy.

His clothes were sprinkled with it, his room carpet was drenched with it; and when in despair, he would fly to Mrs. Bell to give him some scent on his handkerchief I had arranged matters for him so that the scent she poured out of a long eau de Cologne bottle was the strongest pale brandy, diluted with water.

He complained to me about it.

"Of course things smell of brandy, if you drink so much. You are saturated with spirit."

"But the very water I wash in smells of it—horribly," he cried, with a shudder. "John, old fellow," he said, in a tearful, maundering way, "I hate the stuff—it's horrible to me.

"But I must have it—I will have it!" he added, fiercely.

"Go on, then," I said, coolly: "have it, and drink it till you get so disgusted with it you will touch it no more."

He shuddered, and was turning away.

"By the way, Ned," I said, "how is it you keep hanging about my box of a night?"

He looked at me in a curious, underhanded way, and was turning off, but I stayed him.

"Come," I said, "I must have a stop put to this.

"You've been up there every night. Ned, these don't look like the acts of a sane man. You would not like me to—you know what I mean."

"John, dear John!" he cried, grasping both my hands, "don't hint at that. I'm not mad—I'm sane as you are; but I can't help it coming to me as it does, and I'm obliged to see it go."

"Now, that's nonsense," I said.

"You know as well as I do that it, as you call it, is nothing but a vapor raised by your own bemuddled brain."

"Ye-es, John," he stammered. "I know. You've often told me so."

"Told you? Don't you know it?"

"It's so horribly real," he said, with a shudder.

"Don't be hard on me, John. I can't help it."

"Well, once for all, I tell you that I will not have you hanging about that signal-box. If I find you there again, I shall take very sharp measures."

Two nights afterwards, I was in my box, going over the same old routine; and I felt in a somewhat happier frame of mind, for Ned had made no attempt to come near me for these two nights.

"Nothing like firmness with him," I said. I shall bring him round yet."

I shuddered as I said so; for it was very dreary there that night.

It was intensely dark outside; and the great eolian harp played a more mournful tune than ever, as I stood there waiting for my next train.

I happened to glance round then and fancied I caught just a glimpse of Ned's face; but it was at a distance from the glass, and I was not sure.

"What a night for a good pipe of tobacco!" I said, taking out my pouch.

"One of Ned's choice Principes of the old days would not be amiss. How little one used to value them then."

I filled my pipe, lit up, and began to smoke—not that I felt drowsy, but as a precaution lest I should; for I had an hour to wait before Gummer was due.

Then I had a good think about how matters were going; and lastly, of my drowsy fit that night.

"They'll never send for me again now," I said, with a half-laugh; "for the bad accident had quite put my delinquencies out of the directors' heads.

"Not such good tobacco as the last," I said, as I smoked on. "It's rank, and strong, and—"

I gave a clutch at the nearest wall, for just then a curious feeling of vertigo came over me; but it passed off, and I took another pull or two at my pipe, when, to my horror, I felt, when too late, that it was the cause; for I must have fallen against the side of the box, and then glided down in a sitting position, staring blankly before me, seeing but in a misty way, with things dancing before my eyes; and what I saw next was the ghastly face of Ned Hassall staring in upon me.

I tried to get up, but something contracted my throat; I tried to cry out, but I was speechless.

I was sure that the face was Hassall's, or only a fancy of my swimming brain; but as sense was leaving me fast, I remember thinking of the coming trains; and then it seemed to me that Ned Hassall stood at the head of the steps.

What I recollect next is a strange kind of ringing in my ears, and a feeling as if my heart had got up into my head, and was beating horribly.

Then I felt something cold and wet on my face, and I looked up, to hear the noise of the mail train going by; and as I started to my knees, it was to gaze into the face of Bell, who with his one arm was just altering the signal to danger now the down mail had passed.

"All right, and all gone," he said.

"What was it?

"Drop too much?"

He pointed over his shoulder.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I didn't see who it was, but I thought I'd come on to you to-night, and we'd walk home together, as the new chap's on at the station."

"Well?" I said, trying to get rid of the remains of the dizziness.

"Well, that's all.

"He didn't want to be seen, I s'pose, for he hopped down the steps and was gone. But, I say, s'pose I hadn't come?"

"It's the greatest mercy in the world you did, Bell," I replied; "but if you think I had been drinking, you were wrong. Stop," I said, "try one pipe of that tobacco before Gummer comes. Good heavens, if you had not come!"

"Would have been awkward, wouldn't it?" he said, quietly.

"Yes, I just will have a pipe of that. It looks good, and I've been longing for this hour.

"No smoking allowed our way," he added laughing.

He held the pipe between his knees, and filled it with tobacco from my pouch, which had been left during the whole of the previous day on the mantelshelf.

Bell then cleverly lit up, and began to smoke with great gusto, while I furtively watched him

"I don't quite like your 'bacco this time, master," he said, suddenly; and then he dropped his pipe, and caught at the wall. "It's going round—falling—Black—it's—"

"Sit down," I said, catching his arm. "I had been having a pipe, Bell, and not drinking. What do you think of it now?"

"Open the window," he said.

"If I had a pipe of that I should be drunk."

"Don't say anything about it at home," I said; "and—hush—here's Gummer. Are you better?"

"Yes, a little," he said, with a sort of sigh, as he got up, just as the steps creaked with the coming of my relief.

"I shall be all right directly. I will go on."

"No—wait for me," I said.

And it was well I did so, for the poor fellow stumbled twice in getting down the ladder, recovering, though, by the time we got to his door, to learn that Ned had been long in bed.

"I couldn't understand it," said Bell to me, "for it didn't seem like you to have a drop too much. I should make a row, though, about my tobacco."

"No," I said, "don't say a word to a soul. I shall find out about it soon."

And then we parted for the night, I asking myself whether it was Ned's doing, the drugging of that tobacco; if not whose work was it, and for what reason had it been done.

CHAPTER X.

MISS GEE.

"WELL, Mrs. Bell," I said, as we were waiting for Ned and Bell to come to breakfast—"what do you think of our patient?"

She was busy, as usual, making prison gratings in worsted upon one of Bell's stockings; and she looked up at me, and shook her head.

"Badly, Mr. Black, I'm afraid."

"I don't agree with you," I said. "My plan was to dose him so with brandy that he should get to detest the very smell of it. Well, and we are succeeding."

"And turning him into a madman."

"Not so bad as that," I said. "No doubt he gets a bit touched at times. But he's never violent."

"No," she said, laying her hand, in the stocking, on my arm, and gesticulating dangerously with her needle.

"Well, don't you be," I said, laughing.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Black, but I don't like that Mr. Hassall being so quiet. I'm afraid he's very artful."

"What makes you say that?" I asked.

"He keeps talking so to himself. He'll sit for hours muttering in his room—sometimes so low that you can hardly hear him, and sometimes he gets quite excited: but one day, when I went in to see, he turned upon me quite smiling like, and that's what makes me say he's artful."

"You are not afraid of him?" I said.

"No—not at all," said the little woman, stoutly; "and if I was, I have neighbors here on both sides."

"Then let's go on, Mrs. Bell, till Christmas; and if I feel then that all I am doing is useless, well get him to go somewhere else. What are you shaking your head about?"

"Only about you."

"And what about me?"

"I was only thinking it was a pity you had not something better to think about."

"Better to think about?"

"Yes, than trying to cure folk who are too far gone in their wickedness. Any one would think you'd made him so wicked yourself."

I started as if I had been stung.

"There, I'm not inquisitive," she said, laughing, "only I do think it's time you began to think something else. Why, how old are you, Mr. Black?"

"How old?" I said, laughing—"oh, somewhere between thirty and forty. Look at my grey hair coming."

"That isn't age, Mr. Black," said the little woman, "that's trains and signals. Why my Abel had grey hairs before he'd been on the line a twelvemonth."

"Humph!—anxiety," I said. "Bell don't look a nervous man, though."

"No," she said, "he takes things so easily; but he feels a great deal. He's such a good fellow."

"Too good for the line," I said.

"Yes, isn't he?" said the little woman, brightening.

"The way in which he puts up with that Mr. Tod's tyranny's patience itself. But we were talking about being grey. Why, at that dreadful time when the poor fellow lost his arm, his hair went grey all in patches. But I'm sure you needn't mind, and it really is time you did, Mr. Black."

"Did what?"

"Why, get married, of course."

"Get married!" I said, laughing. "Why you match-making little hypocrite, is that what you were aiming at? Perhaps you have got a lady ready."

"Who, I? Oh, dear, no. That you Sarah?"

This was to a neighbor of ours—a plump, fresh-colored lass, who had once or twice brought the meals for us to the station on Mrs. Bell's washing days, when she was too busy, and had so many shirts on her mind that she was afraid to stir, lest the copper should boil over or the clothes line blow down.

Those were the mornings when Bell used to turn himself into a sort of amateur Fawkes, and placed a ha'porth of gun-powder, tightly screwed up in paper, inside the copper hole, so as to scientifically sweep the chimney.

But to return to Sarah.

The young lady came in, all blushes, with something under her apron.

"Oh, Mrs. Crookes! I thought—mother thought—you—that is, you might—please we've been baking this morning, and I've brought you this."

"And it's very kind of you, dear," said Mrs. Bell, smiling; "but I'm afraid if it had only been me here you wouldn't have remembered."

"Oh, the very idea!" exclaimed Sarah, giggling.

"What a shame!"

"Stop and have breakfast, dear," said Mrs Bell, while Miss Sarah looked all over the room, as if seeking for a spot where her virgin gaze might rest without encountering my smile.

"Oh, the very idea!" said Miss Sarah again, as she placed a nice new hot brown loaf on the plate Mrs. Bell produced. "I must go directly."

"Then come and have tea with us—say, on Sunday."

"I couldn't—I really—I—"

Here the young lady ventured to glance in my direction, and blushed more furiously than ever.

"Oh, you needn't mind Mr. Black—he's nobody," said Mrs. Bell feeling highly delighted.

"Perhaps he won't be at home!"

"If—oh, dear me! I really couldn't," said Miss Sarah, undulating from head to heel in her bashfulness.

"But if you really felt quite sure he, Mr. Black, wouldn't be at home, I might perhaps."

"I'll go and have my tea in my box," I said, merrily, "if I'm in the way."

"Oh, the very idea!" said Miss Sarah. "I couldn't think of turning you away, sir."

"May I taste the hot loaf?" I said.

"Oh, yes—oh, really—I don't think it's good enough for you," said the girl. And then, as it struck by a sudden thought, she hastily said, "Good morning," and fled—fled, for I can give her retreat no more suitable term.

"Isn't she nice?" exclaimed Mrs. Bell, filling the coffee after the old custom of pouring cupfuls out of the spout, and emptying them in at the top.

"Yes, and makes capital bread too," I said, laying the butter on thickly, and watching the pleasant way in which it filled up the spongy holes.

"Ah," said Mrs. Bell, with a sigh, "he'll be a lucky man who get's her. She'll make a capital wife."

"And have twelve children," I said, with a mouthful of bread and butter.

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Bell.

"Look at me."

"But you are not a widow," I said.

"What nonsence you are talking! Do you know Sarah Gee has got fifty pounds of of her own?"

"You don't say so?" I exclaimed. "What capital bread!"

"Sent her by an uncle in Australia. A man might do worse, Mr. Black."

"Much," I said. "Here's Bell. Come old fellow; hot bread for breakfast."

Ned Hassall came in at the same time, and took his place at the table, taking his coffee with shaking palsied hands, to try and quench the thirst which showed on his white, parched lips, while he took a piece of stale bread, and sat crumbling it on the cloth.

I noticed how he shuddered as he set down the coffee—a good sign for he fancied that it tasted of brandy.

As we partook of our meal, I watched Ned; for I had laid a trap for him.

I felt sure that he had drugged my tobacco; so I had laid the pouch on the shelf, thinking that he would betray some interest in it; and I was right.

He was sitting very silent, hardly looking from the table-cloth.

At last he raised his head, and was gazing vacantly before him, when he saw the pouch, and a flash of excitement darted from his eyes, which were bright and sparkling; but the moment after, he was looking from beneath the lids to see if he was observed.

"Won't you try some of the hot bread, Ned?" I said, quietly.

"No—no, thank you," he said, sharply.

"Very good, my friend," I said to myself. "Then this was your trick. Mrs. Bell is right—you are artful, and you mean to give that tobacco another drugging. Well I shall be prepared."

Then I sat thinking it over, wondering what could be his main object in wanting to get into the box, and whether there was any prospect of his becoming dangerous in any way.

My thoughts were interrupted by his rising to go to his own room, where we heard the click of a lock.

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Bell, quietly, "leaving my good coffee to go and drink poison."

"Which is very good—hot, with sugar," said Bell.

"Ah, Abel," said his wife, sighing, "if ever I thought you would take to drinking, I should——"

> "To be determined, out of spite,
> To have an arm, cost what it might.
> Right tooral looral—"

sang Bell.

"For shame Abel!" cried his wife. "What will Mr. Black think of you?"

"Shouldn't suppose such things, then," said Bell gruffly. "Now, Polly—sing the 'Steam Arm,' Polly."

"Be quiet, Abel!" exclaimed his wife; "and I won't have the bird taught such things."

"Tickets, tickets!" shrieked the parrot. "Where's Tod?"

Bell's face broke out into a happy grin; and I, leaving my pouch on the shelf, went out for my bit of a stroll before going to the box.

But before I had gone twenty yards I met Miss Sarah Gee, who blushed, looked at me sidewise, giggled, and hurried on, undulating from head to foot like a plump eel that somebody had tickled with a straw.

CHAPTER XI.

DOWN.

I WAS in wonderful spirits that morning; but before I had gone far, a reaction set in, for I felt a fearful depression, with a terrible giddiness, which came on at intervals; and before long I had ample proof that I was not fit to go on duty to the box. In fact, I had turned back, and was going down the lane in a blind sort of fashion, ending by leaning against a fence, and waiting there till the mist that seemed before my eyes had cleared away.

I was half blind, but my hearing was clear enough: and I heard a step. I held out a hand, and said, thickly—

"Lead me home—lead me home."

For answer, there came a loud sob, and a voice I recognized as Sarah Gee's, exclaiming——

"Oh, Mr. Black! and you, too, of all men in the world.

"How could you? The very idea—and so early, in the morning!"

"Lead me home," I said, thickly.

And the next moment I felt her firm plump hand tightly hold mine, as she led me towards Bell's cottage.

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed the girl, crying now bitterly.

"What will the neighbors say? How could you, Mr. Black—how could you?"

"She thinks I've been to the public-house," I thought to myself; but in a dim, misty way.

"Let her think it."

Then I felt sure that this was from the effects of the drug I had inhaled; and in a dull, stupid fashion, I wondered whether I should be any worse.

Meanwhile, the poor girl had braved all prying eyes, and marched me up to the cottage, where Mrs. Bell was ready to receive me with——

"Whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, Mrs. Crookes, look at him!" sobbed Sarah, passionately.

"Why, you've never been so foolish, Mr. Black! Oh, dear! oh dear!"

And she, too, began to cry—two women sobbing because they thought me intoxicated.

"Head—head," I gasped.

"Doctor——"

It was all I could say; for the room spun round, and I slipped out of a chair on to the brick floor.

Then I have a recollection of hearing a voice I did not know and Mrs. Bell's, and I heard her say—

"Then you do not think he has been drinking, sir?"

"No, no. It's the brain—the brain."

Whatever had been Ned Hassall's designs they had were checked for the next month, during which I was at home at Bell's cottage, and a man down from London managed my signal-box.

"After I'd teached him!" Bell said in a tone of great disgust, "He does it pretty well, now."

I had plenty of nursing, and plenty of attention.

Mrs. Bell was indefatigable; but her great coup was to contrive for her *protegee* Sarah, to take her place sometimes in attending to me—which, after a few "Oh, the very ideas!" and a due amount of blushing, the damsel used evidently to delight in doing, in spite of my peevishness, and the manifest distaste I showed for the various little things she brought.

Ned, too, was never weary of attending to me, so long as he could have the brandy in the same room; and I was glad to have him there, for it gave me plenty of opportunities for studying him.

And at last I insisted upon his bringing his bed into my room, small as it was; and it was done.

My great surprise, though, was to find how great an object of interest I was to the old lady with the dogs; for, as soon as she missed me at the signal-box, she came in her carriage to ask the reason, when, hearing that I was ill, she use to call regularly every morning. I soon found that I was "My signalman," and the old lady always asked Mrs. Bell, sharply, in the same form—"How's my signalman this morning?" driving on afterwards to the railway according to her custom.

She used to bring me presents then.

One morning it was a bottle of camomile tea; another morning a pair of lambswool socks of her own knitting; then a spaniel puppy, to amuse me, poor old lady.

But as soon as she knew that I wanted nourishing food—Mrs. Bell giving her a broad hint to that effect—she brought me little pots of calves'-foot jelly, and some of as fine port as ever I tasted, in medicine bottles, enough at a time for one day's consumption.

There would be fish and chicken sent from her own table; so that although I resented the sending of such things, I found that there was so much real goodness in the acts, that it would have been ungrateful to refuse the gifts.

"You must be a great favorite," said Mrs. Bell; "for I never knew the old lady to give anything away before."

This was while she was trying to tempt me to eat a piece of fish one day, just at the time that Sarah Gee was in the room, having arrived, the bearer of a plateful of apple-pudding—one of those white, watery-looking puddings that have been boiled without a basin, and whose crust gets on towards two inches in thickness.

"I shouldn't wonder if the fish is poisoned," said Sarah, spitefully.

"The very idea of her bringing such a thing!"

I saw Mrs. Bell nodding and shaking her head at Sarah, who was very red in the face, and soon hurried away.

Ned's brandy was kept up all through my illness; and he used sometimes, when sitting with me, to emerge from a dull, stupid state into one of intense excitement, when he would apparently ignore my presence altogether.

The first of those scenes startled me; afterwards they became so common that I hardly noticed them.

I was lying, half-dressed, outside my bed, on the first occasion, when from sitting quietly at the table, where he had a minute before been shudderingly partaking of a glass of brandy, Ned suddenly started up, leaned towards a corner of the room, and began talking and gesticulating.

Now he was blaming, now appealing to, and at last denouncing furiously some one who disturbed him.

This went on for quite half an hour, when he suddenly turned to me with a ghastly face, to exclaim:

"He's gone now."

The minute after, though, he glanced savagely at the door, to exclaim:

"Ah, back again?"

Then he seemed to seize some one by the throat, writhing about with his unseen adversary in the most natural way possible.

Now he would be getting worsted, bending backwards, but only to recover himself, apparently obtaining a fresh hold, and ending, after what was evidently a mighty struggle, by driving his opponent away, sinking into a chair, and lying back, completely overcome.

To see his ghastly face by the light of our one poor candle, with his hair wet with perspiration, his brow furrowed, and his eyes sunken and bloodshot, was no agreeable thing for an invalid, any more than it was to witness the struggle, one from which he came out as weary as if it had been real.

"Wait a bit," I said to myself, "there'll be a catastrophe here soon, a sharp fit of illness, and then I believe he will leave the drink for good."

But at the same time came the thought:

"Am I pushing him too far?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEVER use disrespectful language to your superiors. A rough was recently carried to the station house because he called a policeman a billygoat.

A Seal-Skin Coat.

BY F. L. WELLS.

I HAD always wanted.

I do not think I was more fond of dress than ordinary women, but I loved nice things.

Real laces, velvets, and silks gave me positive enjoyment.

Not that I might dress to outshine others; but I loved luxury; and, alas! we were poor—Leo and I.

We were very young; I was eighteen, and my husband twenty-three.

We had been married six months, and were keeping house in a nice little cottage, plainly but comfortably furnished, and which I made beautiful by various little devices that cost nothing.

Leo made a mistake, perhaps, in not telling me from the first just what he could afford, and what he could not; but he was foolishly in love with his "little wife," and tried to gratify every wish of mine.

I was selfish and exacting, utterly undisciplined; and the more I thought about the cloak, the more I coveted it.

I had a neighbor, newly married, like myself, and she had a lovely cloak.

I did not stop to consider that, although Mrs. Aylmer's husband was only a clerk, like mine, that she was a wealthy man's daughter, who had given her an elaborate outfit.

She was calling upon me one day, and wore the elegant cloak.

"I do wish I had one!" I said, childishly patting the glossy fur as she was leaving.

"Make your husband get you one!" she laughed; adding, "Fred would get me anything."

"Leo, dear," I said, after supper, as we sat in our little sitting-room, "won't you give me a seal-skin cloak like Mrs. Aylmer's for a Christmas present?"

"But, my darling," he expostulated, "Mrs. Aylmer's cloak cost four hundred at least."

"Well," I pouted, "four hundred isn't such a vast sum, is it?"

"No, dear, but infinitely more than we can afford.

"You know my salary is small, and the furnishing of this house, with a year's rent in advance, took nearly all the money I had saved before our marriage.

"Since then, I have laid up only one hundred.

"So, little one"—smiling fondly down upon me—"where am I to get the remainder?"

"Dear me, Leo," I replied, pettishly, "can't you make it some way—speculate or something?

"Other men make money faster than you do."

My husband's face grew very grave as he inquired, "Lulu, do you think I would deny you this if I could get it for you?"

I knew I was wrong, but I replied, sulkily, "If I had married Edwin Armstrong, he would have bought it for me."

I was frightened at Leo's white face as he rose to his feet, pushing me from him when I tried to detain him.

"Has it come to this," he said, hoarsely, "that you regret having refused a richer man for me?"

Without a word more he left the room, and a moment later the house shook as he slammed the front door after him.

The next morning he came and stood beside me.

I thought he was going to put his arms around me, and take his good-bye kiss as usual, but he did nothing of the kind.

He only said, "Lulu, I have found a way to make some extra money, and you shall have the cloak; but unless you want to drive me mad, never repeat what you said last night."

He stooped, kissed my forehead, and left me; but somehow the prospect of obtaining my wish failed to elate me.

Christmas morning came.

I went down early to the dining-room. A large box stood on a chair.

I opened it eagerly, and lifted out the most beautiful seal-skin cloak I had ever seen; far surpassing Mrs. Aylmer's.

"It must have cost five hundred," I said, under my breath.

"It is superb!"

In the bottom of the box was a card, on which was written:—

"I have fulfilled my promise,

"LEO."

Not a word of love, not a Christmas wish.

With a heavy sigh I laid the cloak back in the box as my husband entered.

"Does it suit you?" he asked, quietly.

"It is very beautiful!" I said. "Where did you get the money, Leo?"

"Never mind where!" he said, more harshly than he had ever spoken to me. "You have the cloak; are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, lightly, driving back the tears that filled my eyes.

"Only you are getting to be a regular bear."

That evening there was a concert.

Whilst seated near Mrs. Aylmer (Leo had been prevented from escorting me owing to business), I heard a conversation between two ladies, one of whom was relating some scandal about my husband; that it was whispered about he had taken to gambling.

My heart stood still.

Mrs. Aylmer was shocked.

When I turned to her with, "Take me home," she arose, explaining to her husband that "Mrs. Ray is ill," and we passed out.

She tried to say something to console me, but I stopped her, crying, vehemently, "It is all my fault!

"Let me alone!"

They left me at my own door; and going in, I threw myself down on the floor in an agony of remorse and self-abasement.

He came home at midnight; and, oh, he had been drinking!

In the morning it was terrible—no one can know what my husband's condition was except those who have seen a strong, upright man writhing under the lash of honest self-condemnation after having yielded to a great temptation.

It was no time to speak of my penitence. He was overwhelmed with his own.

At length he told me that he had gambled several times during the past month.

"But, Lulu, my darling wife, I never drank a drop of liquor till now.

"Last night Mr. Allen told me that he could not retain a gambler in his employ.

"Think of it!

"Oh, Lulu, Leo Roy a gambler!"

And he bowed his head in an agony of shame.

I said very little.

What could I say, when I felt that all this was my doing?

I took his hot head in my arms, kissed him tenderly, while the tears fell fast.

"I love you, my husband—I love you! The fault is all mine!"

He was ill and worn out, and at length I left him sleeping.

Now it was time to do something to prove my repentance.

I dressed myself plainly, took the box containg the cloak in my arms, and went with it to Lee's, the eminent costumier. My courage did not fail when I asked to see the senior partner, and was shown into his private office.

"Mr. Lee," I began, "I am Mrs. Leo Ray.

"A few days ago my husband bought this cloak, for which he paid five hundred dollars.

"I wore it once only, a little while last night.

"Will you take it back at any price?"

The old gentleman looked at me, then said, very kindly, "Would you mind telling me why you do not wish to retain it?"

"Because my husband has nearly ruined himself to purchase it, and he would not have done so had I not insisted upon it."

The tears were very near now, but I kept them back.

"You are a brave little woman," Mr. Lee said.

"I doubt not that you will make matters all right.

"Under the circumstances, we will take back the cloak and give you five hundred dollars, which is the price at which we shall offer it again."

I thanked him, and with the money safe in my purse, turned my steps towards Allen and and Gray's, where my husband had been employed.

The clerks looked curiously at me as I asked to see Mr. Allen alone.

Twenty-four hours before I would have thought it impossible to do what I had gone there to do; but suffering had made a woman of me.

I would never again be a spoiled child.

I opened the subject abruptly.

"My husband told me, Mr. Allen, that you had discharged him because he was a gambler."

My face flushed hotly at the disgraceful word.

"I am very sorry," he replied, courteously, "but it is an inviolable rule with us never to retain an employe after we know that he frequents such places, and, unfortunately, we know this of your husband."

"But, Mr. Allen," I said, "it is all my fault.

"He has never denied me anything, and when he refused me a seal-skin cloak I taunted him with the fact that I could have a richer man.

"I drove him nearly mad.

"I told him he might make the money some way if he would—I never thought of this.

"I came here without knowledge to beg that you will take him back and give him a chance to regain what he has lost through my vanity and wickedness."

Mr. Allen was visibly moved, and finally said, "Well, Mrs. Ray, it is an uncommon case.

"Your husband has been one of our most trusted employes, and we have regretted his downfall greatly.

"It is better that he should not know just now of your having been here.

"He may come to me voluntarily; if he does, I will reconsider what I told him."

I drew my veil down to hide the blinding tears that would come, and went home.

Leo was up waiting for me.

He sat by the fire, and I knelt down beside him.

"Oh, my husband!" I cried, "if you will forgive me for all that I have made you suffer, for all the evil that I have led you into, and take me to your heart again, I will be a good, true wife—a helpmate, not a hindrance.

"But love me as you used to, or I shall die!"

I broke down and sobbed bitterly.

He lifted me in his strong arms, and his lips trembled as he said, "Oh, my dear little wife, I have always loved you.

"What about the disgrace I have brought upon you?

"If you forgive me, do you suppose I can ever forgive myself?"

"Hush!" I replied.

"Your great weakness has been that you could not bear to deny me anything, and upon me rests the blame of this miserable affair."

"Oh, my love!" he said, "as if I did not know wherein I have sinned, and how low I have fallen!"

After awhile I told him about the cloak.

It was bitter humiliation to both of us, but we knew we were right.

He wrote a note to each of the men of whom he had won, enclosing the amount.

Doubtless he had only been permitted to win in order that they might ruin him afterwards.

Then he said—

"Lulu, I am going down to the office to see Mr. Allen; I don't expect to be reinstated, but at least I can let him know that I am fully sensible of my disgrace.

I never knew what passed between the two men, but Leo was given his former place, and he told me that after that long interview in Mr. Allen's office the matter was never referred to again.

It was not until long afterwards that he learned that I had been there before him.

It was a bitter lesson for us both.

Leo never yielded to temptation again; and I was cured of my vanity, selfishness, and temper.

THE LION IN HIS TRUE LIGHT.—Although in these critical days we know the lion to be an impostor, scared by the braying of an ass, it is easy to understand why he has been exalted to the position of monarch among the beasts of the field.

His appearance and carriage are assuredly of that majestic mien, which poetry has associated with royalty, whether or not he always justifies by his conduct the outward show of dignity and conscious power. To this the abundant mane no doubt contributes.

Perhaps he stands slightly higher than the tiger—at all events, he carries his head more elevated, but he is certainly little, if at all, heavier than a well grown male tiger, and, in the opinion of those capable of forming a correct judgment, decidedly inferior in strength to his striped first cousin.

A well known animal painter, whose studies must have made him intimately acquainted with the form and proportions of both the lion and tiger, assures me that the muscular development of the latter appears to him as much greater as that of the Farnese Hercules is than the development of any ordinary man.

Like all his tribe, the lion will not waste his strength by downright hunting. He crawls up to his prey and secures it by a sudden impetuous rush, in which for the moment he puts out his whole energy. In the event of failure he rarely endeavors to follow up the quarry, but waits for another opportunity.

Livingstone, although he was nearly killed by a lion, speaks with undisguised contempt of "the king of beasts," as the following extract from his travels shows: If he is encountered in the daytime he turns slowly round, after first gazing a second or two, walks as slowly away for a dozen paces looking over his shoulder, quickens his step to a trot till he thinks himself out of sight, and then bounds off like a greyhound.

As a rule, there is not the smallest danger of a lion which is unmolested attacking man in the light. * * * There is less danger of being devoured by them in Africa than of being run over when walking in the streets of London. * * Nothing that I have ever heard of the lion would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. He chiefly preys upon defenceless creatures; and frequently when a buffalo calf is caught by him the cow rushes to the rescue, and a toss from her often kills him.

The ravages of lions among the flocks of the natives in Africa seem to be almost as great as the depredations of the tiger in India, although they are certainly much less given to man-eating, and that only when old and incapable of hunting. It has been said on good authority that a lion in Algeria may be considered to destroy $1,000 worth of camels, horses and oxen in the course of a year, and if he lives to the age of thirty years the brute will have cost the community no less than $30,000 dollars! Rifles, and ambuscades therefore are constructed with considerable skill to stop his ravages, and miserable old guns, little better than gas pipes with a touch-hole drilled in them, are brought into requisition, with, however, not much effect upon the marauders. Strictly carnivorous as they are, these great cats appear to occasionally indulge in vegetable food, either as a medicinal corrective or because they have a fancy for a change of diet. They will eat quantities of grass, especially when old, possibly from necessity, and Livingstone mentions their feeding on watermelons, even at a time when game was very abundant in the neighborhood. The paunch of a herbivorous animal, too, containing half digested vegetable matter, is often devoured before any other part of the carcass is touched. It might perhaps be worth while to take these facts into consideration, in the treatment of caged felidæ. The helplessness of old age renders most animals an easy prey to their enemies, but what creature, except man, dares attack the tyrant of the forest, even when time has shorn him of almost all his vigor? Lording it over all creation, as he does when in his prime, the day of retribution comes at length, and with advancing age and stiffening muscles, the pangs of hunger must be a daily torture to the once powerful beast. Then he sneaks about the villages, content to pick up a mangy dog, or dine on offal, or mayhap strike down some feeble old man or woman loitering homeward in the dusk. But the monarch of the forest may fall even lower than this. Decrepitude is apparent all over his frame; his teeth have decayed, so that he can neither catch nor tear up a zebra or an antelope; his sight and hearing fail him, and the palsied brute is fain to catch mice and fill his stomach with grass, until he gradually sinks under the combined effects of disease and starvation.

Bric-a-Brac.

BURGLAR ALARM.—Among recent contrivances for confounding the schemes of housebreakers, a lamp has been invented which acts as a kind of danger-signal to the police.

WESTERN NEWSPAPERS.—An affectation of odd and original names prevails among the journals of the far west. For instance: The "Lewistown Teller," the "Salem Daily Talk," the "Reese River Reveille," the "Pinal Drill," the "Las Vegas Optic," the "Colton Semi-Tropic," the "Calico Print," published in the new mining town of Calico and the "Tombstone Epitaph" of the town of Tombstone, Arizona.

SAVE ONE'S BACON.—The Saxons were called hogs by their Norman lords. Henry VII. spoke of the common people as the "swinish multitude," and Falstaff said to the travelers at Gadshill, "On, bacons, on!" Bacon is the outside portion of the back and sides of pork, and may be considered generally as the part which would receive a blow. "To baste one's bacon," then, is to strike one; and to "save one's bacon" is to escape a castigation.

THE LANE.—The old tradition concerning a lane may be thus stated: "No evil thing that walks by night—blue, meagre hag or stubborn, unlaid ghost; no goblin, no spirit of the mine, has power to cross a lane. Once in a lane, and the spirit of evil is in a fix." The reason is obvious; a lane is a spur of the main road, and therefore forms with it a sort of T, quite near enough to the shape of a cross to arrest such simple people of the unseen world as come to trouble the peaceful inmates of the one we live in.

NOT HAPPY WITH EITHER.—A story is being told at the expense of a distinguished statesman, of whose vacillating state of mind the public are aware. It appears that there was a deficiency of accommodation in his office, and the architect was ordered to design a lavatory. He did so, and it was one with a brace of basins. The statesman's valet, when he saw the arrangement, begged the architect to alter the plan at once to one basin, as his master would else never be able to make up his mind in which basin to wash.

SCARED TO DEATH.—A negro died in the Louisville City Hospital recently from superstitious terror, as the medical attendants believe. To be sure, his physical condition was not good, but he could easily have been cured, in their opinion, except for the conviction that he was about to die. He did not tell in what way his fate was revealed to him, but he was not to be convinced that it could be averted. After four days in the hospital, during which he was able to walk around, he announced that his time had come, and lying down upon the floor died almost instantly. "Scared to death," is the verdict of the doctors.

"PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES" &c.—The oft-quoted saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," originated at the Union of the Crowns, when London was for the first time, inundated with Scotchmen. Jealous of their invasion, the Duke of Buckingham organized a movement against them, and parties were formed for the purpose of breaking the windows of their abodes. By way of retaliation a number of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the Duke's mansion, known as the "Glass House," in Martin's Fields, and on his complaining to the King, his Majesty replied: "Steenie, Steenie, those wha live in glass houses should be carefu' how they fling stanes."

EATING HIS NOTE.—A Russian prince borrowed some money, but when the lender presented his note the prince flew in a passion, called him hard names, and, drawing a revolver, made him eat the note-of-hand. A few days later the lender received his money, with a thousand-franc bill thrown in as interest. Shortly afterwards the lender received a letter from the prince informing him that he was again in want of money, and telling him to present himself with ten thousand francs and stamped paper upon which to write his note-of-hand. The lender came with the money. "Where is your paper for the note?" he said taking the money. "Here it is," said the lender, drawing a large cake of gingerbread from his coat pocket. The prince laughed at the joke, and shortly afterwards paid the debt, with interest.

A VIOLINIST'S CHARITY.—"Ole Bull," the great violinist, on revisiting his native land, met, in a large city, a young peasant woman in tears. His tender heart sought the cause of her grief, and learned that her husband had been aided in emigrating to America, the land of promise, while she must await the hour when his earnings could bring her also across the ocean. The open hand and heart were not appealed to in vain. "Give me your shoe," said he softly. Taking from this the sinew used in its lacing, with it he replaced the four strings of his violin, and placing himself at the cathedral door, he drew from this one chord concentrated to pity and charity, such charming, touching and piteous strains as only the large heart and masterly hand of Ole Bull could improvise and execute. His extended hat was filled. Pouring the treasure into the woman's lap, he did not wait to hear her tearful thanks.

AN OLD AIR.

BY C. A. C.

Upon a staff, where off I look
For any half-forgotten nook,
I chanced to find within a book
A scrap of paper brown with age;

And on it, copied neat and fair,
Though time had used it cruelly,
There was a quaint but mournful air,
Signed, "With much love from Dorothy."

Perchance a gift to one more dear
Than aught the world could else afford;
Some air she played when he was near,
And watch'd her at the harpsichord.

They must have both died long ago,
And this forgotten fealty
Is all that I shall ever know
Of either him or Dorothy.

And yet I trust the fates were kind,
And led them with a gentle hand
For lovers do not always find
A rosy path at their command.

I, too, had once my youthful dream,
Which vanish'd, like most dreams, away;—
How far off now those young days seem,
When one is wrinkled, old, and gray!

Ah, well! it is the old, old tale:
We loved, but I was very poor;
My joyous hopes were doom'd to fail?
She married—and my dream was o'er.

And I? Well, I was never wed;
But why recall the bygone pain?
I'll play the air, and go to bed,
And dream that I am young again.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE little lady drove over to Laurel Lodge on the following day, and made her request in her very prettiest fashion of Mrs. Masserene, and later Ninon was informed that she was to spend a month at the Priory.

"And you understand that there is to be no nonsense about Tiffany," added her stepmother sharply.

"You are to go alone, do you hear?"

"Oh, when did I ever allow Tiffany to interfere with my own pleasure?" said Ninon, with a short laugh.

"It is only when I am tired of having my desire that I think of her.

"Of course I will go alone."

"Oh, that's all right!" declared Mrs. Masserene, considerably taken aback by this unexpected submission to her wish.

"And about your dresses, then?"—hopefully.

"I will wear all my London finery," said Ninon, smiling.

"Why shouldn't I?

"Madame Du Mottay's maid will freshen them up for me a little, I have no doubt.

"And indeed many of the gowns are quite new."

"Now you talk sense," cried Mrs. Masserene comfortably.

"I was afraid you would be wanting to take only your muslins and such things like Tiffany's."

"You see I am quite as desirous to shine as you can possibly be for me"—with another bitter smile.

"And why shouldn't you be?

"A handsome stylish girl like you!

"I tell you what it is, Ninon; if you let this chance go by, you'll never get another as good.

"It'll be your own fault, I'll warrant, if you don't catch your cousin Brian and become Mrs. Beaufoy of the Priory."

"You think so?"

Ninon turned as pale as her white gown, and looked her step-mother straight in the face full of misery.

"It is exceedingly good of you to say so."

She walked away, and went upstairs to her own room, and, locking the door behind her, crossed to the little dingy looking-glass, to stand, as she often did, and look at her fair pale reflection.

"You hear?" she said, half aloud.

"That is what you have fallen to.

"Does it matter much what becomes of a woman to whom people think fit to say such things as that—and who deserves them?

"Yes—I deserve them.

"If I were a true woman, if I had a spark of honesty in my heart, I should die sooner than go to the Priory, to live under Brian Beaufoy's roof, and to meet Quentin there, and to know all the time that Dick's letters are locked up there in my room, and that he is coming home.

"Ah!"—the girl broke into a long sobbing sigh and turned away from the glass.

"What does it matter?

"Could Mr. Beaufoy well think worse of me than he does?

"What harm does it do poor unhappy Dick if I choose to forget my wretchedness for a time?

"He will never know——"

A gay little hand came knocking at the door.

Ninon paused for a moment to regain control of her face, and then went and admitted Tiffany.

The little thing put her arms around her neck and kissed her delightedly.

"I know.

"I am so glad!"

"It was time that some one came and took you away!"

"Little Tiff," murmured Ninon, laying her soft cheek down on the child's head, "do you think that I shall not suffer for going away, for deserting you even for a day?

"Some people don't get punished for their wrong-doing in this world, I think; but I shall pay the penalty of my selfishness one day or another.

"And yet, knowing this, I want to go!

"I have not the courage to say 'No,' though I shall be more unhappy there than here.

"Oh, what right have I to the love of a little heart like yours, child?

"Scold me, Tiff!

"Abuse me!

"Hold me tight in your arms, and don't let me go."

"Indeed," declared Tiff, "it is I who am sending you away.

"I know very well you don't want to go.

"But I want my Ninon to show people here how lovely and how sweet she is.

"And sometimes you will come and see me, and tell me about it all—won't you?"

"Sometimes," said Ninon, with a wretched laugh.

"Yes—perhaps when I have nothing else to do."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon; and, just as the Midland express had started from St. Pancras Station, and was beginning its rapid northward flight, Miss Masserene arrived at the Priory in the carriage which Madame Du Mottay had sent for the young lady whose visit she was so eagerly expecting.

Florry came rushing out in a pretty flutter to receive her.

"We will have tea in my boudoir," she said, as pleased as any child.

"Brian is out with his gun.

"I want you to be quite comfortably installed before dinner.

"My dear child"—startled out of her good manners—"that is a Worth costume!

"It is perfect!

"Now you look as you should look always."

Ninon explained, smiling, that her pretty toilette was one of Lady Ingram's presents, and that she had two or three boxes full of prettier ones, which she had thought it expedient to bring with her.

"Of course they are totally unsuited to my present position," said the girl; "but I did not know what else to do.

"One of the peculiarties of my existence seems to be that to-day I am up and to-morrow down.

"Therefore I keep my Paris gowns as an actress keeps her wardrobe.

"While I am Miss Masserene and a guest at the Priory, they are not too pretty to wear.

"When I go back to Laurel Lodge, and become once more Mrs. Masserene's stepdaughter, I resume my cotton dresses and my plebeian habits at the same time.

"You poor child!" said Florry, with genuine feeling.

"It is high time all that came to an end; something must positively be done.

"That woman must be made to give you up.

"But we won't think of that now; you are to have four weeks of perfect happiness, and not to trouble your lovely dark head about anything at all—do you hear?"

The little lady went herself with her visitor to her room and busied herself for her comfort.

"There!

"Slip on a wrapper," she said, "and leave Adele to unpack the rest of your things.

"I will come back with you and decide what you are to wear for dinner.

"You must look your very loveliest for our delectation.

"Did I tell you"—a little hurriedly, as Ninon took off her walking-costume and put on a long white dressing-gown—"that we expect Quentin down to-night?"

Ninon changed color.

"No," she said.

"I did not know he was in England."

"He has only just returned from Biarritz," explained Madame Du Mottay, as she led the way to her boudoir.

"He has been paying a little duty-visit to his fiancée, Mademoiselle de Feroday."

"No," said Ninon again quietly.

"I did not know that either."

"Yes.

"I think he feels that the marriage-knell has been rung for him at last, poor boy!

"And, of course, he is obliged to marry money.

"Not that Marcelle de Feroday is at all bad for an heiress.

"And she must be certainly very much in love with him to accept so impecunious a husband."

Florry was pouring out tea, and, lowering a blind over one of the open windows, Ninon saw that she avoided looking at her as she spoke.

"Poor old Quentin!" his sister went on.

"He is quite the most desperate flirt I know!

"He ought to go about the world labeled 'Dangerous.'"

"I remember," Ninon said, with a laugh, "that he told me I should hear all sorts of dreadful accusations brought against him."

"And he appealed to your pity, of course on the score of his engagement.

"He really feels that he is greatly to be compassionated."

"No"—carelessly; "I do not think he mentioned his engagement at all.

"It is not the sort of thing a person goes about proclaiming, is it?

"It would be a little too egotistical, really, to expect every stranger you met to be interested in such small personal details."

The girl's heart was full of bitterness within her.

This, of course, was what Brian had hinted at on the day of the warning.

He believed her to have been made the sport of an idle day by Quentin, since now Florry found it desirable to renew the subject, doubtless at his suggestion, and to open her eyes fully before Quentin's return.

Had Quentin been less frank with her than she with him?

What had she to reproach him with, except that he had liked her too well?

The little demon of pride that was never long dormant in Ninon Masserene's breast woke with an angry protest against Mr. Beaufoy's interference in the affairs of a woman whom he so frankly despised.

"Well, perhaps so," Florry was admitting as these thoughts passed rapidly through the girl's mind.

"But one can't help feeling for a man like Quentin, engaged to an admirable person who is deplorably plain, and then to come to Marybridge and to find—you!"

Ninon softened at once under the little lady's unaffected kindness; she thought quickly that Florry had a look of Quentin about the eyes.

"Oh, my charms were under a cloud!" she said gaily.

"Poverty is so disenchanting.

"The prettiest woman in the world could not be pretty at Laurel Lodge, with my step-mother pouring out tea for one's adorers, as she does for Mr. Melladew, and saying, 'I hope it is to your liking.'"

Florry Du Mottay shuddered, and held her smelling-bottle to her nose.

"The facts of life, the mere eating and drinking, are so ugly in themselves, are not they?" pursued Ninon lightly.

"They need so much art to adorn or cover them up.

"She is not in love with Quentin," thought Madame Du Mottay, with satisfaction.

"And, as for him, as Brian says, he must look out for himself, I suppose.

"He must remember his engagement and summon up all his heroism.

"And Brian—Brian must learn to forgive Ninon for having known his brother first.

"What a wife she would make him!

"She is an object of luxury in which he can afford to indulge, though poor Quentin cannot."

The Midland express was speeding on its way.

Evening was setting in.

They heard Mr. Beaufoy on the terrace below, and a little later his footsteps came up the oaken stairs and passed along the corridor outside his sister's door, on the way to his own room.

"I hope," said Florry, "that my dress suits this evening. No wonder Worth sends you such pretty things! I should like to compose some costumes for you myself."

They went back into Miss Masserene's luxurious bed-room and held a cabinet council with Adele.

Ninon sat passive and smiling under their hands.

But there was a far-away look in her eyes that puzzled Florry, and a little nervousness at every sound in the quiet old house.

They dressed her at last in a simple gown of some thin woollen stuff—white.

Nun's veiling, the lady's-maid called it. It was made over a white silk petticoat, and fell in matchless folds about the tall and nymph-like form.

Florry seized upon some great tiger-lilies that stood in a jar and fastened them in the girl's hair and under her throat.

The loose sleeves fell back and showed her beautiful arms bare to the shoulder.

Her splendid hair waved low over her forehead, and was knotted low behind.

"A sibyl, a priestess, a goddess!" cried Madame Du Mottay. "Which do you look most like? Help me, Ninon! Which do you feel most like?"

"A goddess," said Ninon, smiling.

"They are usually made of stone; are they not?"

And then they went down-stairs together and into the drawing-room, where they found Mr. Beaufoy reading a newspaper. A look of triumph flushed into his sister's face as he rose to shake hands with Miss Masserene.

It was impossible not to see how he was affected by her beauty, which, the little woman felt, gained new effect from its contrast, in its simple white gown, with her own looped-up and be-ribboned dress and her little crinoline and fancifully-dressed hair.

Ninon's face was lit up, quivering, as the face of no stone goddess ever was lit up.

Her hand trembled in Brian's cool palm; but it seemed to him that her great shining blue eyes went past his face to the little Dresden clock on the mantelpiece. Mr. Beaufoy let the pretty fingers go, and turned away, with hardly a word.

Ninon passed through one of the open windows on to the terrace, where Florry was calling to the dogs in French, and making a pretty chatter.

"Don't you hear horses in the avenue?" she said quickly; and indeed there was a distant sound of wheels grinding round the gravel sweep before the house.

Florry looked at her sweet troubled face with some secret dismay.

"Can it be Quentin she cares for, after all?" she thought.

"Come," she said aloud; "let us go and see if it is indeed our traveller."

But Ninon hung back, overcome by some sudden unconquerable shrinking and nervousness.

A little breeze was springing up among the jasmine and the mignonnette and cooling her hotly blushing cheeks.

How could she go into the lamp-lit drawing room and meet him there before them all? They had not met since the night when she had stolen from her step-mother's house to meet him.

How would he look at her?

What was his opinion of her, now that time and absence had permitted him, to reflect coolly upon her conduct?

If she could only go in quietly and give him her hand!

What would Mr. Beaufoy think—what must he not think—of her agitation?

She heard voices coming towards her; and then Florry and Quentin came out of the drawing-room together; and she turned, forcing a smile to her lips, to meet him.

She saw that he was pale, and looked tired, and that there was a great eagerness in his eyes and in his voice as he put out his hand.

"Florry wanted to order me up-stairs," he said hurriedly.

"But I insisted on coming to see you first. You have not quite forgotten me, I hope?"

"No," Ninon said blankly.

What was there about him that frightened her so?

Why did he look at her with such a curious passionate determination?

She could not read the riddle of his manner.

She put her feverish little hand into his palm and felt him press it close.

Florry, whose movement were as rapid as those of a bee or a bird, had flitted in at the window again; they were alone on the terrace, while the shunting sun was sinking in a golden haze.

In the glow Ninon shone like some fair unearthly creature, with her startled eyes and her misty gown and the great deep tiger-lilies at her throat.

Quentin gazed as if he could never gaze his fill.

"Are you sure," he said in a low voice, "that you have not forgotten me? If you knew how I have thought of you every moment since I went away!"

Still she did not speak.

He had gone away—a little infatuated perhaps—she had not even been quite sure of that—a little intoxicated by the summer and their relationship, and the random audacity of their intimacy; but he had come back something more than this.

The girl's heart began to beat with a sudden dread.

What had she done that he should look at her like that?

They had amused themselves together, and it was over; and he was engaged to Mademoiselle de Feroday.

"Say a word to me Ninon," the young fellow pleaded still holding her hand. "Only say that I have done well to come back, and I will be content."

"How can I say that?" she said hurriedly. "Pray go. It is late."

"Come!" she said, trying to smile. "I am going in too; we will go together."

Quentin hastened up-stairs to dress.

Dinner was put back for a few minutes. His arrival had created a pleasant little disturbance in the tranquil house.

Ninon stood at the window looking out, and seeking in vain for some way out of the difficulties which seemed to be closing round her.

Brian had not spoken a word to her since she had come back into the room.

He stood by the flower-filled fireplace, and looked across to where her clear and pale profile, with its waving masses of raven hair, was defined against the blue-gray square of the open window.

He noticed that, when Quentin reappeared after a hurried toilette, she turned instinctively, that Quentin's eyes met hers, and that hers fell.

Mr. Beaufoy carried a rather moody face into the dining-room.

But Quentin and his sister had a great deal to say to each other, and Ninon with an effort put away the nervous dread that had taken possession of her, and joined gaily in their conversation.

Dinner was nearly over when Florry said carelessly—

"How did you leave Marcelle? Is she enjoying herself well at Biarritz?"

Quentin changed color, and looked swiftly at Ninon.

Her eyes were cast down; she was playing with the fruit on her plate.

"I did not see Mademoiselle de Feroday," he answered deliberately, and in a tone which seemed to render any continuance of the subject of doubtful expediency.

Florry raised her eyebrows, and cast a look of dismay at Brian.

But Brian's eyes were as intent on his plate as Ninon's.

Madame Du Mottay stood up, with a shrug of her pretty over-dressed shoulders.

"Come, Ninon," she said, "we will leave these men, in their charming sociable English fashion, to talk about the weather over their wine. You and I will go out upon the terrace and get a last breath of fresh air."

But Quentin exclaimed gaily that he would not be abandoned in that heartless way.

"What is it you sing me there, little sister?" he said, in Florry's favorite tongue. "Brian and I have long since had enough of each other's society. And at this hour, when the evening breeze begins to blow and the sun no longer beats so ardently upon the terrace-walk, it is the pleasantest spot in all Marybridge."

He lit his cigarette as he stepped out of the window after the two ladies, and followed them to the other end of the jasmine-smothered walk, where there was the most comfortable collection of chairs and pillows, and whence the pretty view could be had of the gardens and the fading sunset sky.

Sweetbriar and mignonnette and helio-

trope were giving out their strong sweet scents on the twilight air.

Away to the west, the low line of the garden trees made a dark and delicate cloud against the primrose clearness of the sky.

The day had been sultry.

The night wind rose with a refreshing coolness on its wings.

"Well," Quentin said, sitting down on a cushions at Ninon's feet, and turning so that he could get a full view of the girl's fair face, in which her bright dilated eyes shone strangely through the dusk, "and how have you been amusing yourself since I went away?

"Any more moonlit walks?"

She laughed, with a sudden sense of relief.

As long as he chose to look at her, to speak to her like that, he would be content.

She had given him some right to jest about the past, she knew.

And was it not a proof that he cared but little, after all?

She had been misled by his manner when they first met that evening.

Did not Quentin always look and say a little more than he meant one to believe?

"Were those the diversions you permitted him, Ninon?"

"Oh," said Ninon demurely, "the moon rose early, and Tiffany was the most prudent of chaperons, I assure you!"

"Ah, no excuse!

"I think you both deserve credit for not having eloped, or done something equally desperate!

"Oh, this English dulness!

"What would one do to escape from it even for an hour?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Quentin gravely.

Ninon was hanging her head, and would not meet his look.

"A few more weeks such as I spent before Ninon dawned upon me," continued Florry, with energy, "and I should undoubtedly, as I told Brian, have hung myself from one of the beams of his ancestral roof!

"However, since it is now a thing of the past, and since Ninon is the result——

"Did any one ever see anything so lovely, I ask you a little, Quentin?

"One feels a sense of obligation to her for being what she is."

Ninon laughed, and put up a pretty warning finger.

"Mr. Beaufoy will hear you," she said.

"And you know he is of a Shakspeare's mind, that

"'Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good.'

I shall get a lecture if he overhears you."

"'Mr. Beaufoy?'" asked Quentin drily.

"Who is 'Mr. Beaufoy?'"

"Your elder brother," answered Ninon calmly.

"He has a better title still," said Quentin.

"He is your cousin.

"Why do you call him 'Mr. Beaufoy,' Ninon?"

"What else should I call him?

"He calls me 'Miss Masserene.'"

Quentin smiled curiously.

"That a man should undervalue his privileges to such an extent!" he said.

"I do not remember that you were reluctant to call me 'Quentin.'"

Ninon flushed suddenly.

"You!" she said lightly.

"You are a being of the same order as myself."

"Thank Heaven!" he said devotedly.

"Oh! there is no reason for that."

"You think so?" Quentin threw away his cigarette.

"But if I am content?

"If I would rather be on a level with you, within reach of the warmth of your hand, the blue of your eyes, the soul in your voice——"

"Ah, hush!" the girl said.

His voice had dropped.

Florry was chattering French to her dogs.

"Leave me that joy at least," pleaded Quentin hurriedly, "since I cannot aspire to such heights or plunge to such depths in your estimation as my elder brother.

"I am not quite sure, you see, whether you look up to him or look down upon him."

"I am still less decided myself upon the point," answered the girl, with a mocking smile.

"I do not think that I should dare to do either."

Quentin looked at her with an immense dissatisfaction in his violet eyes.

He thought that he would almost rather have had one such bitter word from her, if it brought such sudden fire into her resplendent glance, than all he sweet speeches for which he had longed so often and in vain.

"What has become of Brian?" cried Florry.

"Why does he not come out to us?"

Through the open window could be heard the click of billiard-balls.

It seemed that Mr. Beaufoy preferred to smoke his cigar alone, and to amuse himself in solitary fashion by knocking the balls about.

His sister sprang up.

"Say then, Brian!" she cried, moving to the window.

"You are losing the last little bit of color in the sky.

"Come out!

"One can play billiards by gaslight.

"Come out of your den, you big bear, and talk to us."

Brian lingered a little longer.

He called his sister in, and would have challenged her to a match at billiards; but she declined.

"Ninon and Quentin are on the terrace," she said.

"I must go back to them."

"Must you?"

"Of course.

"I am not quite content.

"I believe, after all, that there is something between them.

"On Quentin's side it is plain.

"On Ninon's——

"I don't know.

"I am puzzled!"

"Since Miss Masserene knows of his engagement, what more can you do?" asked Brian.

"But you heard what he said about Marcelle?

"He has not seen her—he put on his impracticable look when I mentioned her," said Florry.

"That too is his affair—and Miss Masserene's.

"I tell you again, they understand each other thoroughly."

Florry made a little gesture of despair, and, taking her brother's arm, pulled him out on to the terrace.

They were just in time time to see a white gown and a black coat strolling away together into the twilight of the garden walks until they were lost to sight.

Mr. Beaufoy smiled.

"You see!" he said.

"Come in, my dear child.

"Come in, and give me a little music."

Madame Du Mottay played extremely well.

By some strange freak of nature, all that was wanting in her frivolous head seemed to have concentrated itself in her fingers.

She threw an expression, a sentiment into her music which she herself was incapable of feeling.

Brian always felt that he could forgive his madcap little sister all her shortcomings and her follies while she was seated at the piano.

He called now for one old favorite after another, Chopin, Schumann, Rubinstein; Florry went on patiently enough for half an hour, while he lay back on the sofa with his arms under his head, listening to the delicious sounds she awoke.

But at last she turned round impetuously, breaking off in the middle of the music, and said—

"What has become of those young people?

"What can they be thinking about?

"And Ninon has no shawl!

"Brian, take her this"—she caught up a wrap from a chair—"and tell her that she is to come in at once.

"Quentin has no right to let her run such risks in this abominable climate."

Mr. Beaufoy stood up obediently.

It was not worth while to show the distaste he felt for his errand.

He stepped out of the open window, and startled a white figure that was standing there, leaning with idly-clasped hands against the wall close by.

It was Ninon, and she was alone.

"Miss Masserene," he said abruptly, "I was coming to find you.

"My sister thinks you had better come in."

"Very well," she said.

"But I must find my fan.

"I left it on the terrace after dinner."

He turned and walked with her.

"Will you put this on?" he said, offering the shawl.

She shook her head.

And then, as they stooped and searched together among the cushions and rugs for her fan, he saw that the girl had been crying.

"You have stayed out too long, I am afraid," he said.

"What has become of Quentin?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Is he not in the house?

"I heard the piano and I came back.

"I thought Florry was following us.

"I think"—in an absent kind of way—"he went to bring me a shawl.

"I forget."

"Put this about your throat now," Brian answered, with more gentleness than she had yet heard in his voice.

She looked up and there was a pathetic surprise in her eyes as they met Mr. Beaufoy's steady glance.

Dusky, almost dark as it was, the girl suddenly felt embarrassed, suddenly grew conscious of herself, felt as if she did not know what to do with her hands or how to look away again.

"You were listening to the music?" Brian said, as they still stood looking into each other's eyes—pallid in the twilight.

"Yes."

"I hope it was only that that made you cry?"

It was true that he did not approve of this girl, that she was what people called a beauty, that she had so little self-respect as to flirt openly with a man whom she knew to be engaged to another woman; but she was under his roof, and he could not bear to see a woman cry, and it was evident that Quentin was behaving very badly.

"Only that!" echoed Ninon, with her bright and melancholy smile.

"But it is one of the sharpest pains, I believe, that I shall ever feel.

"You don't expect a butterfly to be capable of great emotion.

"For me music is rather an anguish than a pleasure."

Brian said nothing; and they went back into the drawing-room, to find Quentin quietly reading by the light of a shaded lamp, and Florry yawning over some embroidery at his side.

"Ah, there you are, you foolish child!" she cried.

Brian noticed that Quentin hardly looked up, and certainly made no apology for having left his cousin half an hour waiting for her shawl.

"Did she tell me the truth?" he thought bitterly.

"Or have they quarrelled for the moment?

"Why are women like that born with such fair faces?

"How is a man to find out what is in their hearts or in their souls?

"Or is it indeed

"'Worth while to guess at all?'"

Ninon stood looking, with bright dilated eyes, at both the men.

She had the fleecy white shawl still about her head and throat, and began slowly to unwind it now.

As she did so, something fell with a sharp sound on the polished floor.

The girl suddenly blushed deeply, and stooped to search for it.

"My ring!" she said, as both the brothers came to her assistance.

Brian found it in a moment or two, and looked at it curiously as he laid it in her outstretched palm.

"What an odd ornament for you to wear!" he said.

Quentin broke into a bitter little laugh.

"She would not change it for the biggest and brightest of the Beaufoy diamonds!" he said, turning away.

Ninon slipped it, trembling, upon her finger.

"It is getting too large—or my finger is getting too small, rather," she said faintly.

It seemed to her that Dick had suddenly put his hand on hers, in the presence of these two men, and claimed her for his own.

"Quentin," she went on, in a random way, "pray sing to us—Florry's music has got into my head; men talking means nothing for me any more after that."

"I will sing with you," Quentin answered abruptly.

But she drew back.

"No, not to-night," Brian heard her whisper, in a pleading way.

What right had Quentin to speak with such authority?

What need had she to plead?

He took up one of the books from the table and stood there trying to read, rather than to listen to the murmured conversation that followed.

"What are you so much interested in, my poor Brian?" asked Madame Du Mottay, who read only French novels, and who adored Octave Feuillet, the De Musset of women.

"Some new poems," answered Brian, looking up, and met Ninon's inscrutable smile, half mocking and half sad.

The broad gold ring shone on her hand with which she held the book—the ring that hung so loosely on the girl's pretty wasted finger.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Ninon came down the next morning, it was to find a letter from Mary Hawthorn by her plate on the breakfast table.

Tiffany had sent it to the Priory.

The girl changed color as she took it up.

Mary wrote in her kind and sisterly way.

She said they were longing very much for a sight of Dick's Ninon, and they really thought, as Mrs. Masserene would not spare her to them, that they themselves must come to Marybridge for a few days, in order to be able to send a personal report of her well-being to that impatient lover of hers.

Ninon felt herself growing from hot to cold.

"What was she to do?

She would have to write and put them off as best she could.

She would have to admit that she had again been tempted away from home and from Tiffany.

She looked round the charming old-fashioned room in which she stood.

No one was down-stairs yet.

The breakfast-table was laid with all the refinement that to Ninon was so distressing.

Flowers and fruit were heaped in dishes of rare old china.

She turned and saw her own reflection in the mirror close at hand—herself standing in her fruitless morning-dress in the middle of the pretty old-fashioned chamber.

"I have one more month to be here," she said, crushing Mary Hawthorn's letter in her hand; "and for that month I will be happy in my own way.

"Haven't I bought it dearly enough?

"Hasn't it cost me Tiffany's loneliness and my own self-respect and Brian Beaufoy's contempt?

"Oh"—she passed her hand wearily across her eyes—"I will be happy! I will—I will!

"And then, no matter what comes, at least I shall have had my day."

At that moment Quentin came into the room.

He looked a little doubtful of his reception her hands.

But she turned and smiled at him, and put out her hand.

"We are friends to-day?" he asked, holding the little chill hand in both his own.

"Ninon, will you let me be your friend?"

"Let you!" she said, with some bitterness, though she laughed as she spoke.

"I wish I could believe your offer sincere!

"I have never had a friend in my life—only admirers—lovers, if you will."

"You know what I would be if I might," he answered, as they passed into the conservatory together.

And she laughed again.

"Why can we never talk together—you and I," she said—"without touching upon such dangerous subjects?

"Let us be sensible for five minutes, if we can.

"It is all your fault.

"I am always well behaved with other men."

"Even that distinction is welcome," he said, watching her as she plucked a white geranium for her gown.

"I would not be to you what all men are.

"Let me always stand apart in your mind, if only in so poor a way as that."

They stood together—Ninon parrying Quentin's speeches with airy mockery, Quentin feeling himself irresistibly impelled to go on making them, in spite of his better judgment.

The girl was too utterly unhappy to care much longer what she did or said.

And Quentin's devotion was far from displeasing her.

She knew of his engagement.

But why should she blame him, any more than herself for want of candor?

She was apparently in wild spirits when they went back together into the breakfast room, where Brian and Madame Du Mottay had just made their appearance.

Florry announced, as she broke open and read her letters, that they would soon have the house full.

"We must discuss the ball," she said.

"We must arrange to have it while Ninon is with us.

"Brian, you will give me permission, will you not?"

After breakfast she hurried Ninon off to a cabinet council in the music-room.

Quentin looked after them somewhat wistfully.

"Will you shoot?" Brian asked.

"Or will you walk with me, if you don't care about shooting?"

"Thanks, no.

"I don't think I shall go out this morning," his brother answered.

"If you have letters to write, there is the library, you know."

"Yes, thank you.

"I dare say I shall contrive to take care of myself;" and he sauntered out, lighting his cigarette; and turned along the terrace in the direction of the music room windows.

Brian called to him hastily, and the young man looked round surprised.

"Look here, Quentin," Mr. Beaufoy began, "I have no wish, as you can readily understand, to interfere with your amusements; but there is one question I feel bound to ask you.

"Is Miss Masserene aware of your engagement with Marcelle de Feroday?"

Quentin paused before he answered, and looked searchingly into his brother's dark and disturbed face.

"I do not know," he answered; "what Miss Masserene may have heard from some of my kind friends; but I myself have certainly not mentioned to her an engagement that no longer exists.

"Everything is at an end between Mademoiselle de Feroday and myself."

"Since when?" demanded Brian curtly.

"That can concern only the young lady and myself.

"But the fact remains that we are no longer engaged."

Brian turned on his heel.

"In that case," he answered briefly, "I have nothing more to say."

For days afterwards the brothers hardly exchanged a word.

The house was gradually filling with the visitors whom Madame Du Mottay had succeeded in obtaining from the neighboring country-houses.

One or two of Quentin's friends came down from town, too; so that it was really quite a pleasant party over which the beautiful Miss Masserene queened it in her old fashion.

There were rides and drives to every picturesque spot in the neighborhood, lawn-tennis, charades, music, dancing sometimes in the evening.

People looked and wondered at the beautiful young creature who was dressed like a princess, and who held her own so superbly among them, the "county people"—the salt of the earth in their own estimation—and who lived in a shabby cottage in Marybridge, and had a mother and a sister who were not presentable.

More than one eligible young man found himself completely subjugated by Miss Masserene's charms; but in each and all of them her audacious flirtations, her reckless manner of amusing herself, especially with Quentin Beaufoy, woke the same doubts as had, two years before, made Sir Robert Davenant hesitate to offer her his hand.

Ninon troubled herself little about her adorers.

Her time was fully occupied.

It seemed that she laughed, talked, danced from morning to night.

She displayed a feverish eagerness about her daily changes of dress.

She was plainly resolved to outshine every woman, to dazzle, to bewitch, to fascinate every man—always excepting the master of the Priory, who looked on with the greatest disapproval at the girl's reckless gaiety, at her magnificent dresses, at her compromising levity, above all with Quentin.

Sometimes he would ask her, in one of the rare pauses in this constant whirl of excitement, for news of Tiffany; and Ninon answered, with a shrug of her shoulders, that she knew as little as he about her sister.

"Do you suppose so important a person as I am for the moment can find time to bestow upon the inhabitants of Laurel Lodge?" she would ask with a laugh.

"And you know that Florry objects to them. She will not have them here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "A WEAK WOMAN," "RED RIDING-HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

I SAY, Jack," Sebastian said, endeavoring to hide his pipe, "there's a lady coming towards us in full sail, and I was nearly caught in the act of lighting up!"

"Is it possible?" cried the lady, with a little cry of delight, and running towards him with outstretched hands.

"Why, by all that is sweet!" exclaimed Smythe, "it's Madge—I mean Miss Heseketh."

"No—Madge, you dear old Sebastian!" cried the girl, her sweet face smiling at him out of all her pretty white finery.

"Madge—little Madge, who has lit that familiar black pipe for you many and many a time in the old studio at home.

"Let me do it for you now, so that you may see I have not forgotten the way."

She proceeded to strike a light as she spoke.

"Oh, Jack, is it not like old times to see him again?

"I declare that horrible old meerschaum smells sweeter than all my lady's perfumes put together.

"When did you come, Mr. Smythe?

"Where is your luggage?

"It must be sent for at once."

She sat down on the grass at Jack's feet.

Jack, forgetting all his good resolutions, was smoking too.

Here was a pretty group to be found in Mr. Blake's garden at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the Duchess of Battleton expected to arrive at any moment!

Lady Blanchmayne, coming out half an hour later with Noel to give a last look round the preparations that had been made, was petrified at the sight.

As for Noel, he could with difficulty restrain his rage.

Sebastian Smythe, in his vulgar, shabby coat, with his meerschaum in his mouth, with his loud voice and perpetual talk about his abominable music!

No guest could well have been so unwelcome at that moment to the master of Woodsdown.

"This is one of Mr. Beamish's graceful jests, no doubt," remarked Lady Blanchmayne, sourly regarding the little group through her gold eye-glasses.

"It is not enough that ladies are to be terrified by his very objectionable dog, but now they are to be poisoned by his tobacco and insulted by his vulgar friends!"

"Allow me," said Noel, who was livid with passion, "to apologize in his name.

"I will undertake to see that neither the dog nor any inmate of my house shall annoy you further after to-day."

"Spoken like a gentleman," said Major Whyte, who had followed Lady Blanchmayne.

Noel advanced to poor old Sebastian, who had sprung to his feet, and was doing his best to hide the offending pipe.

"I am sorry, but the house is so full at present that I cannot ask for the pleasure of your company.

"I shall be happy to send you back to the station in one of my carriages.

"You will be in time for the six-o'clock train to town."

"Noel," cried Jack indignantly, "are you mad?"

"Mr. Smythe is here as Jack's guest," added Madge, pale and quiet.

"He brings us news of our old friends—friends who were good to you in the days of our poverty."

"When Beamish has a house of his own," returned Noel, quite beside himself now with passion, "I shall not question his choice of guests.

"I claim the same privilege in mine.

"Major Whyte, will you give your arm to Lady Blanchmayne and take her back to the house?

"I will follow you when I have arranged this little business."

When they were gone, Smythe drew a long breath.

"Somebody pinch me!" he said.

"The world is crumbling beneath my feet.

"Was it to me, Sebastian Smythe, those words were addressed?"

"Forget them, Sebastian," said Jack Beamish, sternly—"forget them and the man who uttered them.

"Go with Madge.

"I will not insult you by asking you to remain one moment longer under his roof.

"Good-bye, old fellow, for the present.

"I must be alone now with—this man!"

Sebastian, bewildered, suffered himself to be led away by Madge, whose face was as pale as death.

Jack faced Noel.

"I want a few words with you," he said.

"Then look sharp," returned Noel.

"Smythe has brought us a message from Warrington."

"Indeed."

"He hasn't a penny in the world, and he is only just off his bed of sickness.

"This will be a favorable moment for putting your intentions on his behalf into execution."

"My intentions?"

"Yes; aren't you going to send him five hundred dollars?"

"This is the first time I have heard of it," declared Noel coldly.

Jack laughed bitterly.

"You must have a very short memory," he said.

"Have you forgotten what you said to me that day in the studio at home?

"'If ever I am rich, I will send poor Warrington and his babies five hundred dollars?'"

"Only five hundred?" sneered Noel.

"Are you sure it wasn't a thousand?

"What with the legacies I have had to pay away, and one thing or another, I am a poorer man than you to-day.

"At anyrate, I have not got five hundred dollars to fling out of the window."

"Then Warrington must starve. I understand.

"I can read your thoughts plainly enough, Noel.

"You want to break with Warrington as you have broken with the rest of our old chums—with Smythe, who sold the coat off his back, when you were ill, to get you wine."

"Beamish," cried Noel fiercely, "do you wish to humiliate me by recalling the fact!"

"I merely wish to remind you of it," answered Jack sadly; "you have forgotten so much that should have been sacred to you." His voice broke.

"Noel," he went on, "I know I am a rough sort of fellow, that I am a blot in my shabby coat upon your splendor.

"I don't blame you for finding me in the way.

"But—there is something I must say before I go.

"It is about Madge.

"I have heard of late that you have given her some cause for pain.

"Noel, be true to her.

"That is all I ask; and I will go back to the life I should never have left, and mar your prosperity no longer."

"That will do," cried Noel irritably.

"I am neither of the age nor in the humor to stand this perpetual control of my actions."

"Do you think," retorted Jack hotly, "that, because you have grown wealthy, you can expect to escape the judgment of your friends?"

Noel's eyes sank beneath the indignant gaze of his friend.

"If," he said hurriedly, "what goes on here does not please you, you have the remedy in your own hands."

And with that he went back to the house.

Jack passed his hand across his eyes in a bewildered way.

"I have the remedy in my own hands," he said.

He went and sat down by the rustic table, and bowed his face upon his arms.

A soft hand on his shoulder made him start up.

It was Madge; and in her blanched and piteous face he saw that she had overheard his conversation with Noel.

"Madge, my poor child," he said, "you were there?"

"Don't cry, my dear!"

"Cold and cruel as he has grown, I did not think he could speak such words to you—to you, who have made him what he is!"

"No, no, dear, you are mistaken," said Jack eagerly. "It was principally my fault. I made him say more than he meant?"

"Coward that I am," sobbed Madge, "why have I stayed here so long? Oh, Jack, take me away! Let us go back to the dear old home together."

"Why, you silly little woman, what would Noel say to that? You know very well he loves you, and for the sake of your own happiness——"

"My happiness! Has it not been slipping from me day by day and hour by hour from the moment we first came to this house?

"No, Jack, you feel as I do—that my poor little dream is over, and Noel will soon learn to be ashamed of me, as he is already ashamed of the art of his old friends."

"Ashamed of you! No, no, Madge, you wrong the lad, and I will yet bring him back. I mean—not that he has left you, of course, but, oh," with a groan, "what a clumsy brute I am!"

"Don't, Jack; don't speak to me like that. I cannot bear it."

With a sudden impulse, she seized his hands and covered them with kisses, then as suddenly broke away from him and ran back into the house.

Jack followed her mechanically.

"I felt her tears upon my hands," he thought, immensely shaken.

"Poor child! They made me start as if I had been stung. How she loves him, with a love that miserable fellow flings away like a withered flower, a love that would make the best and highest joy of another's life."

He went in by the open window to the long drawing-room. Noel was there with Lady Blanchmayne and her daughter.

They looked disturbed, he thought, as he appeared; and Baby was pouting more than usual.

"Indeed, you are quite mistaken, Mr. Blake," Jack heard her say. "If I don't marry the man of my choice, I shall be perfectly horrid and lead my husband a dreadful life, the way mamma did poor papa; sha'n't I, mamma?"

"My dear," said Lady Blanchmayne sternly; and, at the same moment, a shot was heard outside, followed by a scream.

Jack rushed back through the open window. Baby ran screaming and crying after him.

Lady Blanchmayne and Noel stepped calmly on to the verandah, by which a servant with a gun was just passing.

"What has happened?" cried Jack fiercely, as Madge came running up, her lips white, her eyes full of horror.

"Van!" she cried, sobbing violently.

"Oh, Jack, Jack! Poor Van!

"Oh, why did they do it?"

"What of Van?" said Jack, dangerously calm.

"He is dead, Jack," cried the girl wildly.

"Didn't you hear the shot?" shuddering.

"He is dead—they have killed him!"

Jack rushed at the groom and seized him by the shoulders.

"Is this true?" he said, between his teeth.

"My master's orders, sir," stammered the man, and Jack, recalling, released him from his grasp.

"Does this fellow speak the truth?" he asked, turning, white and stern, to Noel.

"Was it by your orders?"

"Yes, it was," answered Noel curtly.

"What of it?"

Jack stared at him, incredulous.

"Oh, Noel, Noel," wailed Madge, "how could you have the heart?"

"He has killed the dog!" said Jack, stunned by the blow, "shot him through his faithful heart that was so tenderly devoted to a worthless master as my own.

"Poor old Van!

"Poor old friend!

"You were good for nothing but to love him, and you troubled his magnificence with your shabby presence as I do too—as I do too!"

"Come away, Jack," whispered Madge, gaining strength from his misery to protect him—"come away with me.

"They will only sneer at you!"

"It is not only for the dog I grieve," cried Jack, facing the startled group on the terrace—"it is not he who alone is dead.

"The friendship which once filled my life has been murdered by the same foul blow."

He turned to Noel with supreme contempt.

"The veil is torn away at last," he said, "from before my eyes, and I see down to the bottom of your shallow soul, I see that you are selfish, ungrateful—a coward!"

"Beamish!"

"Silence!" Jack continued fiercely.

"I have fed you with my bread, my hopes, my life.

"I have made of my talent a ladder for your genius to climb.

"If you had asked my heart's blood I would not have denied you.

"And how have you rewarded me?

"Heaven forgive you, Noel Blake!

"You have reduced me to the infinite baseness of flinging my own benefits in your teeth.

"You have robbed me of your glory, which was to have been the end and consolation of all my sacrifices.

"I had nothing left but my old dog, and now you have even taken him!

"You shot poor old Van that you might rid yourself of his master.

"Well, you have gained your point.

"Be satisfied. From this day forth I will trouble you no more."

* * * * * *

It was on a chilly drizzling evening, August though it still was, that Jack Beamish found himself back again in the old studio.

His heart sank within him as he unlocked the door; but, with an attempt at cheerfulness, he looked about him—at the litter of papers and music, at the empty cheerless grate, at his picture on the easel, and threw wide the window to admit the gray and heavy evening air.

"So here I am at home again," he thought, "back in the old scenes, to begin the old life once more—the old life, but with what a difference!

"To think that by the hearth which friendship, hope, love, shared with me a few months back I must henceforth sit alone and smoke my solitary pipe!"

He went and stood with folded arms before his unfinished picture.

"My picture!

"How often I have longed for the time when it should be finished!

"Shall I ever have the courage to go on with it?

"Can I ever hope to renew the colors with which it was begun, the colors blended in such magic tints by youth and eager longing and ambition?"

He sighed and turned away.

"As well think to bring back my own careless self of a little while ago."

His eyes fell upon Madge's pretty fantastic work-basket, and, pausing in his moody walk about the room, he lifted some trifle of lace or ribbon from it and pressed it to his lips.

"There's where she used to sit; so busy and so bright, where I shall never see her sit again.

"No, never again shall I turn from my easel here to watch the little figure in its straight gray gown flitting about the room, the kindly spirit of our bachelor fireside.

"Poor child, poor love!

"What has the future in store for her?"

Somebody knocked vigorously at the door and aroused him from his reverie.

It was Freddie Sprott, who came in radiant to shake his old friend by the hand.

"I thought I heard somebody tramping about over my head, and I ran up to see if by any change——

"By George, how jolly it is to have you back!

"And"—the boy blushed—"Miss Heseketh? Is she with you?"

"No, Freddy, no," said Jack quietly. "I am by myself."

"Oh!" said Freddy, disappointed.

"Going back to the country again?"

"No, no. It is too long and wretched a story to tell you just now; but I have left Woodsdown for good."

"For good!"

Freddy was bewildered.

"Haven't you seen Smythe?" asked Jack.

"Hasn't he got back yet; and didn't he tell you?"

"Smythe? No.

"I say, Jack, this room looks jolly uncomfortable!

"Come down into mine and have some beer, and then you can tell me, if you like, all about it."

"All right," answered Jack, who indeed found the empty studio very depressing.

"To-morrow I must hunt up old Martha again, I suppose.

"Come along."

The men went downstairs together and shut the door of Freddy's room, just as two figures came stealing up the long flights of stairs in the dusk, only pausing at the highest landing of all.

"Come in, Mrs. Rennet," said Madge, in a whisper, when she had cautiously opened the door of the studio and peeped in.

"There is no one here."

Mrs. Rennet, who carried a large basket and a large umbrella, obeyed, and looked about her with great curiosity, elevating her hands in comfortable surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Valentine.

BY HENRY FRITH.

A VALENTINE! For me!" Lilian Lester exclaimed, in surprise and delight, as she put out her daintily-gloved hand for the embossed envelope the postman held towards her as he met her descending the steps of her home.

One glance at the bold familiar chirography revealed who was the giver of the valentine.

She clasped it in her hand unopened, and started on her proposed errand.

Only alone in her own room, away from the gaze of any rude passer-by, would she look upon what her friend had sent.

"Will this tell me that he loves me?" she thought.

Then she quickened her pace, and never heeded once the cold wind beating against her face, as she dreamed that old, old dream, as old as Eden, and as sweet as it is old.

Reaching home she delivered her message to her father, who thanking her, said—

"You have not forgotten that we are to attend the wedding-party of Harry Jones to-day?"

She forgotten!—when Willis Douglas was to be there.

But she only said smiling—

"No, papa."

"We must start early, as I wish to leave before it is late.

"You may stay though if you prefer."

"I will be ready in time, she answered, and hurried to her room.

With eager haste she tore open the precious envelope.

The smile on her face faded, the glad expectant look in her eyes changed to one of angry scorn.

She held in her hand a great, hideous, yellow and red picture, representing a simpering flirt, and underneath the silly caricature were printed these lines—

"Your pretty ways and simple smile,
Your winks and nods, how they beguile!
You can't deceive the knowing men,
Nor even fools, scarce one in ten.
To beauty, honor, heart and sense,
You only make a poor pretence."

Lilian threw it down and stamped her small foot upon it, and in her fierce anger could have ground it to powder.

Then she flung herself upon the bed in a passion of big indignant tears.

By-and-by she grew quiet.

If Willis could be guilty of an act so insultingly unkind he was not worthy of her love, nor her tears, not even of her anger.

She arose and picked up the hated thing, and thrusting it into its envelope hid it away in her treasured satinwood writing-desk—his present to her on that happiest Christmas she had ever known, only eight short weeks ago.

It was all over now, the bright dream she had cherished those few brief moments while she held unopened in her hand the valentine Willis Douglas had sent.

She was not a sentimental, love-sick maiden, who in reality or imagination would break her heart because of any man's fickleness or perfidy; neither was she one of those who spend their lives bewailing the impossible, instead of patiently waiting for, striving after, the possible.

She knelt beside her bed and prayed for grace to bear the trial which had come to her, then rose in the strength which God gives to His beloved, and went about her daily duties as the only daughter of a widowed clergyman, and not the keenest observer could have detected a trace of the tempest which had passed over her soul.

Lilian went with her father to the party

which she had anticipated with so much delight.

As she entered she saw Willis Douglas engaged in an animated conversation with their mutual friend, Fannie Jones.

Twenty-four hours before it would have been the most natural thing in the world to have walked over to where they sat and greeted them.

Now she turned in the opposite direction.

She was in no haste to meet the man who had shaken her faith in him and in all men.

After awhile the two drifted towards her, and she extended a welcoming hand to each.

Her left hand was placed in that of Willis Douglas.

"Good evening, Lilian, 'left hand nearest the heart,'" the young man said laughing.

There was no mistaking the look of admiration he gave her, but there was no answering light in the half-reproachful, half-scornful gaze which met his.

Miss Lester was no flirt; she had loved this man, and he was meanly trifling with her; so there came no ready answer to his playful words.

She turned towards her friend Fannie whose little hand she still held, and exclaimed—

"Why, Fannie, you have lost your opal!"

"Yes, I lost it yesterday. Is it not dreadful?"

"Sad, I think, since it was your brother's last gift, but why dreadful?"

"Opals are fateful stones, you know; to lose one betokens calamity.

"Something awful will happen to me, I feel certain."

"Do not be so superstitious, Fannie. Nothing awful could ever happen to you, I am sure," Willis said.

He had such a winning way with women this Willis.

All women liked him, and Miss Fannie would have bartered her soul to win from him such a look as he had given her friend Lilian a moment before.

All her love shone in her eyes as she answered—

"I believe there never would, if you could prevent it."

Soon after Mr. Lester, coming towards them, said—

"Lilian, I am going now.

"Good night, Miss Fannie—good night, Willis."

"Ladies, would you like to go home now too?" Willis asked, before the girl could answer her father.

"Thank you," Lilian replied; "I am to go with Mr. Cameron.

"Ah, here he comes."

"I am really any time," Fannie said sweetly.

"Get ready then," Mr. Douglas answered to this girl so eager to accept his escort, but turned towards Lilian with such a look of pain in his handsome eyes.

As she descended the stairs ready to leave, Willis stood at the foot, waiting, and whispered to her in a voice at once entreating commanding—

"Wait up for me.

"I shall come to the house as soon as I have been home with Fannie."

"Very well," the girl returned, coolly enough.

* * * * * * * *

"Lilian! Lilian!" Willis commenced impetuously, as an hour later he entered the cosy room where Miss Lester sat with hands tightly clasped and head proudly erect.

Whatever this man had come to tell her he should not find her grieving over his insult.

"Why do you treat me so cruelly?

"I love you, darling; love you better than any one else in the world, and you ——"

"You dare to tell me this after what you sent to-day?" she interrupted passionately.

The girl had risen and stood with folded arms, and was a picture worthy any man's admiration with her flaming cheeks and wrathful eyes, and pretty parted lips.

"To-day?" Lilian, I have sent you nothing.

"I do not understand."

"I will help you then."

Swiftly she left the room, and soon returned with the valentine in her hand.

"Allow me to return you this. I am not accustomed to such attentions."

He examined the envelope.

He opened the valentine and read the printed lines.

The surprise, the pain, the wrath in his face revealed to Lilian that he was innocent of the wrong she had imputed to him.

He tore the valentine in pieces.

What was it that dropped from the envelope and rolled to Lilian's feet?

It was the fateful opal.

"Give it to me, Lilian; I will return it to its owner. How glad I am you know now I did not send it."

"Forgive me, Willis."

"My darling Lilian."

He folded her in his arms; he bent until his lips met hers in a long passionate kiss.

Time vanished.

Neither spoke.

When they looked once more into each other's eyes there was no need to voice their love in words, for in the eyes of each was the memory of that caress.

What Mr. Douglas said to Miss Jones when he returned her opal I do not know, but when, six months later, cards announcing the wedding of Willis Douglas and Lilian Lester were issued, the name of Fannie Jones was not upon the list.

Waiting for the Answer.

BY ARION.

DREAMING again, Dorothy!

"How many stitches have you done of your tapestry this morning?

"Whenever I have looked up, your needle has been suspended in mid-air, and your thoughts, to judge from your eyes, miles away from your work," said Olivia Powys to her eldest sister, one October morning.

"Dorothy's thoughts arn't gone farther than the Hall," chimed in Willie, an impertinent boy, so Dorothy said, and the pet of the family.

"Dorothy is a foolish child," said Mrs. Powys, looking rather sadly at her daughter.

"Dorothy is going out, and then you can talk about her as much as you please," said Dorothy, giving her pretty head a slight toss, after her usual manner; and pushing aside her tapestry-frame, she go. up and left the room.

Small, fair, and plump as a partridge was Dorothy Powys, a very vision of youth and health, if not of beauty, and there was certainly one person in the neighborhood who would have pronounced her beautiful also, and that person was Jack Dangerfield the squire's youngest son.

Beautiful or not, at any rate, Dorothy was very pleasant to look at, with her fresh complexion, her golden hair which crisped and waved over her forehead in the days when fringes were happily unknown, her brown eyes, and her smiling face.

Dorothy was not always smiling, though, as Jack Dangerfield knew to his cost; she could pout as well as smile when it pleased her to do so, and those red lips had twice said a very decided, "no" to a certain question put by Jack to their owner.

It was this "no" of Dorothy's that made her mother call her a foolish child; "for Dorothy was the eldest of a large family, and her father was only a poor clergyman, unable to give his daughters any dowry, and Jack Dangerfield, though a younger son, was rich, and wanted to make Dorothy his wife.

Alas for Jack, it was his money that was the obstacle to his happiness, for Miss Dorothy was proud as well as poor, yet she had no objections to Mr. Dangerfield's society, indeed, even though a walk across the fields with him for a companion this October morning was more pleasant than making tapestry.

There was some chance of her meeting him about this time in an adjoining copse, quite by accident of course, though it was an accident that happened very frequently and to this copse Dorothy bent her steps.

Oddly enough, and quite by accident also, the same thought struck Mr. John Dangerfield on this same morning.

He looked rather sad this morning, and there was a restless look in the gray eyes, that said plainly enough the owner had not yet had his heart's desire granted.

He was very thoughtful, too, and he walked slowly, for he had made up his mind to try his luck with Dorothy once more, and a little talk he had with his mother the night before had put the matter before him in a more serious light than that in which he had hitherto regarded it.

After he had told Mrs. Dangerfield how he loved Dorothy, and how much he wanted her, and how miserable his life would be without her, she said to him suddenly—

"Jack, have you ever prayed about this?

"No, mother," said Jack, "I never thought of such a thing."

"Then Jack if I were you I would; it is the most serious matter of your life, and I am sure if men only asked to be guided in choosing their wives, there would be fewer unhappy marriages."

Jack said nothing, but he took the hint, and it was in a grave mood that he set off to meet Dorothy.

As he expected, he met her in the copse.

She looked very pretty, in spite of her poke bonnet, as she walked through the sunlit trees, now beginning to turn red and brown and golden; the birds were singing merrily, the sky was cloudless, and the calm stillness peculiar to autumn pervaded the air.

"Who would have thought of meeting you this morning?" said Miss Dorothy, without a very strict regard for truth, we are bound to say, for had not she thought of it herself?

"I thought it possible you might be here," said Jack, "and so I came this way.

"I—I—I have something, I mean, I want the fact is, I am going——" he stammered.

"Shooting!" I imagine, interrupted Dorothy.

"What are you going to shoot today?"

"The far meadows; I am going to try and get a brace of pheasants for Uncle Tom," answered Jack, foiled in his first venture.

"I should like a pheasant's wing to wear in my new winter hat; I wish you would get me one, will you?" said Dorothy, very graciously.

"Of course; I would get you the moon if it were possible, Dorothy, you know."

"I don't want the moon, but only a pheasant's wing," said Dorothy, leaning her back against a tree, and mischievously pulling a flower she wore in her dress to pieces.

"Foiled again!" thought Jack, who was now getting very nervous, and was turning about in his mind what he should say next when Dorothy, off her guard for a minute gave him the opportunity he was seeking.

"We don't seem very conversational this morning," said she.

"Have you not any news to tell me?" said Miss Dorothy Powys, naively.

"Now for it!" thought Jack, getting red and fidgeting with his gun as he spoke, the muzzle of which was turned away from his companion.

"Dorothy," stammered Jack shyly, "I think you know what I am going to say to you."

Here Dorothy gave her shoulders a little shrug, as much as to say I neither know nor care, which was not encouraging, and poor Jack went on still more shyly—

"I want! Dorothy! You know! I—I —I

"Will you Oh! Dorothy, you don't know —I mean, I love you."

Here Jack's fingers nervously wandered on to the trigger.

"I know there is no hope, but will you?" Bang, pop, bang! went the gun, for Jack in his nervousness, had forgotten the gun was loaded, and had pulled the trigger.

Dorothy started back as if he had shot her, frightened out of her wits, and gave a little sob, not called forth entirely by the gun, we are inclined to think.

But before she had time to faint, if she had been so disposed, Jack had thrown down the gun, and seized her in his arms; all his nervousness exploded now, for her fear gave him courage.

"What an idiot I am! Dorothy, my darling, don't be frightened; it is all right.

"You are not hurt, my pet; it is all my blundering fingers.

"You are trembling still; don't be afraid darling.

"See, I have got you safe enough; and, Dorothy, I will never let you go again!" said Jack, getting bolder as Dorothy clung to him.

"I don't want to," said Miss Dorothy faintly.

"So you love me after all.

"Oh, Dorothy, why have you been so cruel then?" said Jack, taking his revenge as he spoke.

"I could not help it," said Dorothy penitently.

"Besides, I am not cruel now; I think I am very kind; and I am going home."

And they went home half an hour later, and as they got near the rectory, Dorothy looked up at Jack and, as she twisted a ring he had put on her finger, round and round—

"So we are engaged, and you have never proposed to me after all, sir!"

This was very generous of Dorothy, because she had, as we know, refused him on two previous occasions.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER.—When the French sought to establish a monarchy in Mexico, a Mazatlan youth raised a regiment of boys, and waged against such of the invaders as appeared in Sinaloa a warfare that told. The young man's father was of Castilian blood, and his mother was a Mexican. His name, Corona, soon became famous, and at the age of twenty-five he was regarded as the Mosby of Mexico. At the end of the war he was a major-general, the hero of the soldiers, and the idol of Mazatlan society. He was six feet high, broad-shouldered, handsome, and daring. While attending a ball at the American Hotel, he stumbled over a domestic, knocking a tray from her hand. Stooping to pick up the crockery, General Corona noticed that the girl was very pretty and very saucy. She told him that her name was Betty Bowman, that her mother was a Francisco washerwoman, and that he ought to know better than to rush headlong down a dark stairway. Corona made love to the American miss, and before leaving for the capital he had learned of her irreproachable though very humble life. Once away, Betty's face and pert ways haunted him so much that he wrote to her, arranging for marriage by proxy. He remained at Mazatlan; the bride went to a boarding-school. They were a thousand miles apart, and wrote to each other daily, the husband constantly instructing the wife in polite ways. President Juarez, fearing that Corona's popularity would lead the people to give their vote to the young soldier at an election then approaching, concluded to send him a minister to Madrid, the most enviable diplomatic position in the eyes of all Mexicans. General Corona took the washerwoman's daughter to his palace in Madrid, where she was regarded as the most brilliant and accomplished lady at the Court of Spain.

RAVENS AND SHEEP.—A Scotch grazer says during nine days, two ravens killed no fewer than thirty strong full-grown sheep. Their mode of action was discovered to be as follows: The mother-bird would fly on to the sheep's face, fixing her claws below the eyes, and seizing the top of the head with her bill, would flap with her wings and scream frightfully. Her mate, ever near, would, when the sheep was so fixed, get on her back and dig a hole through to the kidneys. The sheep, distracted and blinded, would sometimes run over the cliff, sometimes into a ditch, and sometimes fall down exhausted. In no case were the ravens known to leave their victims until life was extinct, snapping the windpipe to that end, when other means failed; and in no case were they known to feed on the sheep's carcass. The loss of their young ones which had been killed, excited them to madness, and the sheep seemed to be the only living thing on which they could vent their rage.

Scientific and Useful.

OILCLOTH.—When washing oilcloth, put a little milk into the last water it is washed with. This will keep it bright and clean longer than clear water.

BRANDING BOXES.—A good recipe for dissolving aniline dyes for branding boxes, etc., so that the dye will not spread on the wood: Dissolve one ounce of soap in a pint of hot glycerine, and in this dissolve the aniline color.

STRAW AND WHITEWASH.—It has been proved, by repeated experiments, that straw saturated with a solution of lime or common whitewash, is incombustible. The fact is of great importance, especially as thatch is not only rendered fireproof, but more durable. A solution of alum has been tried, but being soluble the rain destroys its virtues.

SILK.—An important discovery is said to have been made in France, which will enable us to pass over the silkworm and go direct to the mulberry tree for our supply of silk. In the bark of the tree a fine textile substance exists, and a scientist has succeeded in reducing this to the fineness, durability, and general appearance of silk. He is buying up bark for the purpose of producing large quantities of this new kind of silk.

GOLD PLATING FOR SMALL ARTICLES.—Digest a small fragment of gold with about ten times its weight of mercury until it is dissolved, shake the amalgam together in a bottle, and, after cleansing the articles, coat them uniformly with the amalgam; then expose them on an iron tray heated to low redness for a few minutes; the mercury volatilises, leaving the gold attached as a thin coating to the article. The heating should be done in a stove, so that the poisonous mercurial fumes may pass up the chimney.

A STEAM-COACH FOR ORDINARY ROADS.—The Minister of Public Works in France has awarded a gold medal of the first class to the inventor of a steam-coach to run on ordinary roads. This steam-coach lately descended a hill at the rate of five miles an hour, and afterwards ascended the same hill in eight minutes with a weight of five tons. The trial was repeated with so much success that it is now ascertained that the steam-engine can draw a weight of thirty tons on an ordinary road at the rate of from three to four miles an hour.

RICE-GLUE STATUARY.—Mix intimately rice-flour with cold water, and gently simmer it over the fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering the purpose of common paste, but admirably adapted to join together paper, card, etc. When made of the consistency of plastic clay, models, busts, basso-relievos, etc., may be formed, and the articles when dry are very like white marble, and will take a high polish, being very durable. In this manner the Chinese and Japanese make many of their domestic idols. Any coloring matter may be used at pleasure.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—A writer to a farmer paper states that last July he purchased twelve hens and two roosters, the total cost being $8. The result is fifty head of fowls on hand, ten sold at 25 cents each, twelve eaten and ninety dozen eggs sold at 30 cents per dozen. The outlay was $2 for corn.

SHRINKAGE IN CATTLE.—The shrinkage and offal of a slaughtered steer, if the animal is fat, will be about one third. A steer weighing 1225 pounds should weigh after butchering 660 pounds in the quarter: the tallow should weigh about 80 pounds, and the hide 85 pounds, making a total of 825 pounds.

THE HORSE.—A horse's head ought to be as free as his feet, except that the head must be used as the guiding part. It would be just as sensible to tie and brace up his tail when he is to be backed as to fasten the head when he is going forward. A horse of any spirit always holds his head where it ought to be when he is in motion.

RESPONSIBLE AT LAW.—A Judge in an English Court recently decided that an auctioneer of stock is responsible for the incorrect description of animals sold by him. The case in dispute was one in which the auctioneer had stated that a cow which he was then selling would calve in March whereas it did not calve until May 20.

THE SEASON'S WORK.—Wood ashes, guano, or any prepared manure, is preferable to barn-yard or stable manure, the two latter generally containing many seeds of weeds. Poles and rods for beans and peas should be made ready for use. Forcing beds, with growing crops of lettuce, radish, etc., will require daily attention.

LEACHED WOOD ASHES.—Ashes fresh from the stove or furnace, contain all the mineral constituents necessary for plant growth, and are therefore very valuable as a fertilizer to a worn out or naturally poor soil. A large part of the potash is removed from ashes in leaching, and as this constituent is a leading one, leached ashes are of less value as plant food than when fresh. The owner should save, in a secure place, all the ashes made, and apply them to the land in the spring. A top-dressing of 20 bushels per acre to an old pasture or meadow will give good returns for several years. The leached ashes should be disposed of in the same manner, only they may be applied at the rate of 100 bushels per acre.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 16, 1883.

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TRUE GREATNESS.

Many define greatness as power and authority. They point you to Napoleon. They tell you of his wonderful ability to organize; of his clear insight into the cause of things; of his campaigns and victories. They tell you how his soldiers idolized him, and at the sound of his voice the weak-hearted felt new courage. They point you to his vast empire and to his king-making; then with assurance they say, "Here is true greatness!"

Others take you not to the battle-field, but to the hospital; not to the palaces and mansions of the rich, but to the alleys and courts of them poor. And as that gifted lady quietly goes on her way, speaking her kind, comforting words, leaving position and ease, that were hers by birth, in order to minister to the poor and afflicted, they tell you, with no less emphasis, "Here is true greatness!"

Others, again, point you to the labors of John Howard, the prison reformer; of Mrs. Fry; of David Livingstone, the factory boy that opened up Africa. And we ask which of the was truly great? The answer seems to be that each was great in his or her particular sphere. But who shall be first?—for greatness is essentially a relative quality. Our sympathies, of course, go with the John Howard class, for the reason that a man who forgets self in doing good, and being "the servant of all," shows the nobler spirit; and also because it is the greatness of everyday life. Exceedingly few may have the greatness of Napoleon or Cæsar; all may, if they will, have the greatness which results from doing our fellowmen good service.

Maybe we know a man or woman who thus renders a voluntary, instant, and impartial service. If so, do we not know the true force of their characters? True greatness does not necessarily bring with it command over the bodies of men, but it does give moral and intellectual authority. There are such men amongst our statesmen and senators; poets and authors; men whose words are the expression of an earnest and true soul, which find a response, more or less distinct, in our lives, swaying us in whatever direction its owner lists.

But here let us guard against a common misconception. Greatness is not always fame. Perhaps no one beyond her own circle ever heard of the charitable woman doing kindly deeds until her death. In her steady, persevering way she did her work, and to her is given a posthumous fame. And there are many, we would fain believe, who are laying up for themselves like treasures by quiet lives of self-denial and loving service.

The desire for greatness in the sense of authority is liable to lead to unreasoning ambition, which, like the sea, is never full, though always receiving. Modest may be its first demand, yet that demand will lead on to larger and yet larger desires, until it obtains a power over the heart and life, leading a man even to sacrifice every principle of truth and uprightness in his efforts after its gratification. Caligula, the Roman Emperor, cried for the moon when the world lay at his feet. Napoleon, when Europe had been well-nigh subdued by his forces, "cursed the ditch" that kept England from his rapacious grasp. And Wolsey, having experienced its height and depth, charges us, in Shakspeare's words, "to fling away ambition."

Thus we see, it needs not the glories of war, nor the train of liveried servants, to make us truly great. In a conscientious discharge of our daily duties—"the trivial round and common task"—life can be ennobled and beautified, and the individual made truly great.

SANCTUM CHAT.

AT a bull-fight in Nimes, France, the visitors, deeming that the beasts displayed a lack of ferocity, protested against the poorness of the exhibition by hurling their chairs down from the galleries. Finally, they set fire to the properties, and committed damages to the amount of $1,000.

—

THE largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,557,658 square miles, more than a sixth part of the land of the globe, and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world. In territorial extent the United States ranks third, containing 3,580,658 square miles, including Alaska; in population it ranks fourth, with its 50,000,000 people. Russia ranks second—8,325,940 square miles.

—

CHAIRS and camp-stools as used by undertakers in funerals, who take these seats from place to place, are rightly viewed by the *Scientific American* as disseminators of disease, and it with nearly equal reason deprecates the carrying around of the ice-boxes from house to house.

—

CONVERSING one day with a philosopher, says the poet Saadi, I entreated him to tell me of whom he had acquired so much knowledge. "Of the blind," answered he, "who do not lift their feet until they have first sounded with their stick the ground they are going to tread."

—

SINCE the ashes left in a crematory are almost pure phosphate of lime, a London genius suggests that it would be a good idea to treat this phosphate with sulphuric acid, thus converting it into a sulphate of lime or plaster-of-paris, from which a bust, statuette, or medalion of the dear cremated might be made.

—

A CANADIAN paper says that Jews are the longest-lived people. The mortality among infants, so great everywhere, and said to be unusally so in Montreal, is among the Hebrews but ten per cent. The mean age of Jewish life is given as forty-eight years. One-fourth of them live to be seventy-one, and another fourth survive to see their sixtieth year.

—

THERE is much nonsense talked about regarding the value of foods. Chemically considered it is well known what the constituents of ordinary diet are, and it is no secret that the values of different articles vary greatly. But it is too frequently overlooked that the food which a hunter or a plowman can not only relish and assimilate, would cause torture of the most acute kind to a person compelled to pursue a sedentary life. On what the former would starve, the latter would live nobly.

—

AT Birmingham, England, a fortnight ago, a "potted meat manufacturer," named White, was sent to prison for six months, the inspectors having found on his premises no fewer than 352 "pieces of partly decomposed horse-flesh," besides large quantities of diseased pork and beef, and fifty tins of prepared meat, "which on examination proved totally unfit for human food." The manufacturer was greatly astonished at being released on payment of a fine. Six years would have been nothing more than he deserved.

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THE number of vessels lost during 1882 was 284, against 198 in 1881. There were 2,002 lives lost in 1882, and 1,459 in the previous twelve months. This increase in loss is out of proportion to the increase in shipping. Safety in ocean travel very plainly does not keep pace with the inventions of scientific ship-builders. Captains and pilots are no less skillful than formerly, and yet more ships go down. The trouble seems to be that greater effort is made to secure speed than safety. The greedy owners care only for a quick voyage—or heavy insurance money.

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A NOVELTY in bridal attire was introduced by a young lady of fashion at her wedding not long ago. The traditional spotlessness of the bride's costume was invaded by garlands of pink roses, which trimmed the bottom of her white satin overskirt, and mingled with the orange blossoms which caught up her veil. A bouquet of pink roses was also carried in her hand. Upon the principle that variety is always charming, this novelty may, perhaps, come to be liked and adopted; but it remains to be seen whether future brides will approve and sanction such an abrupt departure from old time and world-wide usage.

—

IN a recent lecture on "Brain Health," at Edinburgh, Dr. Tuke said that, as a matter of fact, it was not an easy thing to overtask the energies of the brain by work. It was not work, but worry, that killed the brain. But breakdown from overstrain did occasionally take place, and the first really important symptom was sleeplessness; when that set in there was cause for alarm. Loss of sleep was brought about thus: When the brain was being actively exercised, there was an increase of blood in its vessels. In sleep the amount of blood was diminished, and sleep could not be procured if this excess persisted. In the absence of sleep, the cells could not recover themselves, and their activity became impaired. Headache, loss of appetite, and general listlessness followed. As soon as a child or young person developed continuous headache, work should be stopped at once.

—

IT is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large and massive heads; but the theory is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, medalions, intaglios, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion, and wished to flatter their sitters. A receding forehead is generally condemned. Nevertheless, this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and to a lesser degree in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great receded dreadfully. Other great men had small heads.

—

AN English workingman, just past the middle age, found that his pipe, which had for many years been a great comfort to him, was beginning to tell on his nerves. Before giving it up, however, he determined to find out if there was no way by which he might continue to smoke without feeling its effects to an injurious extent. He accordingly wrote to a medical journal, and was recommended to fill the bowl of the pipe one-third full of table salt, and then press the tobacco hard down upon it, as in ordinary smoking. The result was very satisfactory. During the process of smoking the salt solidifies, while remaining porous, and when the hardened lump is removed at the end of a day's smoking, it is found to have absorbed so much of the oil of tobacco as to be deeply colored. The salt should be renewed daily.

—

THERE is nothing should be taught sooner than that this is a working world. Mothers try to spare their daughters the necessity of labor much more than fathers do their sons. The boys are made to work for their fathers before the mothers think the girls can do more than trim their hats. Mothers take great pride in their daughters' soft hands and round cheeks, when their own hands have become hardened, and their own cheeks hollow. The danger of this is that the soft hands and smooth faces become the first thought of the daughters, and a selfish and idle life is the result. Daughters, however should remember that they have but one mother, and should care for her and spare her. "No love like mother's love," unselfish, thoughtful, unreasoning often for herself, but always taking thought for "the children." No heart is so naturally good as to escape the demoralizing effects of days without labor, that bring nights without weariness.

—

A LEADING advocate of woman's rights said, in a recent address, that those who insist that woman's place is at home, forget that the vocations which once provided women not only with subsistence, but with a substantial position, have taken flight from the household and established themselves in large factories. The old-fashioned lady who sat surrounded by all the women of her family spinning wool and flax, is a thing of the past. Machinery has effected a great change in our domestic economy. A hundred years ago the daughters of a household had plenty to do within doors. All sorts of things were done at home then, which now even the most old-fashioned have discarded. The baking, and brewing, and spinning, and weaving, are done in manufactories, and owing to this, while some women are not working at all, others are forced into most unwomanly spheres, for no one will deny that women are to be found doing some of the roughest, hardest work; and that must be borne in mind when the question of "fit" employment of women is being discussed. Those who are asking that new paths be opened for women, ought not to be charged with taking them from good and truly womanly work.

A SONG FOR WOMEN.

BY A. MATHESON.

Within a dreary narrow room
That looks upon a noisome street,
Half fainting with the stifling heat
A starving girl works out her doom.
Yet not the less to God's sweet air
The little birds sing free of care
And hawthorn blossom everywhere.

Swift ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread;
From early dawn till twilight falls,
Shut in by four dull ugly walls;
The hours crawl round with murderous tread,
All the while, in some still place,
The black birds build, time flies apace.

With envy of the folk who die
Who may at last their leisure take,
Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,
Tired hands the restless needle ply.
But far and wide in meadows green
The golden buttercups are seen,
And reddening sorrel nods between.

Too poor and proud to sell her soul
Or stoop to basely gotten gain,
By days of changeless want and pain
The seamstress earns prisoner's dole.
While in the peaceful fields the sheep
Feed, quiet, and through heaven's blue deep
The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep.

And if she be alive or dead
That weary woman scarcely knows
But back and forth her needle goes
In tune with throbbing heart and head.
Lo, where the leaning alders part
White blossomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.

O God in heaven! shall I, who share
That dying woman's womanhood
Taste all the summer's bounteous good
Unburdened by her weight of care?
The whitened moon-daisies star the grass,
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass!
The meadow pool is smooth as glass.

A Fair Exchange.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

DIANA! my own darling Diana!"

With a low cry of utter gladness the the young man hurried forward and clasped the girl to his breast—clasped her and kissed her, and looked down joyfully into the startled violet-blue eyes; but she, laughing and blushing in love embarrassment, tore herself out of his arms and stood shyly before him.

"I'm not Diana—I'm only Dolly," she said

"And you must be Roy Douglass, though I did not know Diana was expecting you home so soon."

"She was not expecting me; I planned to take her by surprise.

"Is it possible this is little Dolly?

"You were in short frocks when I went away, my dear.

"You are the living image of your sister," he said, regarding her with a mingled look of surprise, confusion and admiration.

"Oh, indeed!" answered Miss Dolly, not particularly flattered.

"But she is a great deal older than I am."

"Of course," murmured the young man, more and more confounded; "you are the picture of what she was five years ago when I saw her last."

"I am eighteen, and my sister is twenty-three," remarked Dolly, with a little air of superiority, looking straight up into the eyes of this tall fine-looking fellow whom she thought quite the most "taking" gentleman she had ever met, and who, she knew, had made a clear twenty-five thousand by his five years' labor.

"But Diana is just as pretty as ever," she added patronizingly, "and will be awfully glad to have you back, I suppose.

"She doesn't have much fun, you see, for the fellows all understand she's engaged; I'm glad you've come for her, at last, before she gets to be a downright old maid.

"Shall I run to the house and tell her?"

"I have been to the house and spoken to your mother; Diana was out here in the garden, she said; and that was one reason I made the mistake, I suppose," he said dreamily, his eyes still lingering on the beautiful flower-like face, so fresh, so piquant, so perfect.

Dolly was a born coquette, and selfish to the core of her vain little heart.

She was fully aware of the impression she was making; even now she was thinking "would it be possible to cut Diana out, and catch this handsome and generous fellow for herself?"

For the Davenports were poor, and Dolly longed for costlier dresses and jewels to set off her beauty; she envied her older sister her good luck; beaux Dolly had in superabundance, but among them none such as this—rich and fascinating.

She glanced up at him from under her long curling lashes.

"It's too bad I got the first kiss," she laughed, the soft color flying to her wild-rose face.

"Diana will be furious."

"Don't tell her then," murmured Roy, laughing a little, too, and unable to withdraw his admiring gaze from the lovely young girl.

"Five years!

"I never thought about their changing Diana; yet of course I am older as well as she."

"Oh, but a man—a man ought to be eight or ten years the older."

"You think that, do you, Miss Dolly?" he asked.

"Why, of course. My lover must be all of that."

"Have you any one in particular in your mind's eye, Dolly?" he asked, laughing because she laughed.

"Not yet," with a little affected sigh.

"Somehow the youths of our rural neighborhood hardly come up to my ideal.

"But really I must look about for my sister.

"You must be dying to see her, I know, after all these years.

"Why five years to me seem like half a lifetime!

"I wonder you've had the patience to stand here listening to my nonsence; I won't tell Diana how you took me for her."

Roy Douglass himself wondered why he had remained by Dolly and let her talk without demanding to see his sweetheart.

He had come into that sweet June garden, eyes and heart aglow, his whole soul rushing in advance of his footsteps.

For now, at last, after "long toil and endeavor," the supreme hour so intensely longed for was here, when he should "feel the arms of his true love round him once again."

He had seen her, he thought, fairer than ever, standing there in the old rose-arbor, dressed in white, and he had stolen forward and caught her to his breast in a burst of rapture; and, after all, it had not been his Diana, but that little sister of hers grown up.

He was conscious of a slight shrinking from the idea of the first meeting now with the real Diana.

Meantime, not six feet away, outside the leafy arbor, sitting in the deep, glistening, fragrant grass, a book in her lap, showers of rose-petals dropping over her gold hair and pale-blue dress, was Diana Davenport, a moment ago dreaming happily of her coming lover, but now white as death, her hand clenched, her lips quivering.

She gave no token of her nearness, and the two moving away in search of her did not learn that she had overheard their little chat.

"Dolly was always entirely selfish," she whispered to herself, after a time.

"I have given up everything else to her, and now she will try to win him."

She crept carefully out of the garden into the house.

"My dear, Roy has come," her mother called out joyfully, as she was slipping up to her room.

"Yes, mamma.

"I must smooth my hair."

Once safe in her room, she looked at herself long and sadly in the mirror.

"If I am pale and grave and thoughtful," she murmured, "I have become so waiting and watching for him.

"If I had loved him less I might not have pined away my roses.

"Yes, Dolly is lovely—soft and tender and lovely as the roses out there—and as soulless.

"But he will see only her girlish bloom, and she will break my heart."

It was half-an-hour and over before Dolly brought Roy to the house in the search for Diana, who was waiting in the cool, dim, jasmine-scented parlor, pale and quiet and cold.

* * * * * *

The fiery trail of red October was over all the land.

There were coral seed-cups on the vines over the trellis, but roses no longer.

Great clumps of chrysanthemums flamed in the garden, but the heliotrope and mignonette were no more.

A perfect glory of moonlight flooded the long porch which gave grace to the plain roomy cottage where a widowed mother had reared her two lovely daughters—daughters, whom to-morrow she was to lose, as mothers lose girls whom they give to men in marriage.

There were a dozen merry young people promenading the porch, in the white glory of the night—bridesmaids and best men, as well as the two pairs of lovers—Dolly, clinging lightly to the strong arm of Roy Douglass, and Diana pacing side by side with the man she had promised to marry—a suitor who had fallen in love with Dolly first, but on being refused by her in favor of Roy, had turned to the older sister, apparently as well satisfied—a widower from the city, but in the country for his health; a wealthy merchant who could offset Roy's twenty-five thousand with ten times that sum; fifty years of age, with courtly manners and refined habits.

"He was not a bad match for Diana," her friends said.

"She was so quiet, the great difference in their age would not be so observable; and really, after the way Douglass jilted her for her sister, it must be quite a triumph for her to make such a match before his very eyes."

Oh yes, it must be a great triumph!

Doubtless Diana felt it so, as she walked proudly and calmly by Mr. Burleigh's side her fair face fairer still in the brooding whiteness of the moon, her beautiful eyes lifted to the shining heaven with a strange look in them.

To many she seemed lovelier than her more blooming sister, a lily purer and more gracious than any rose.

As they passed and repassed each other in the moonlit promenade, Roy's eyes were always lifted from the piquant face of his own partner and fixed with troubled scrutiny on that other quieter face, but his anxious look was never returned.

"I declare, Roy," jested his bride-elect, "you seem to be walking in your sleep.

"If you are going to be silent and stupid, I'll steal Diana's fellow and let her have you.

"Come, Mr. Burleigh, let us run away and hide, like poor Ginevra.

"It's a glorious night for a walk."

Dropping Roy's arm she ran up to the other couple, with that pretty, sparkling, half-defiant way of hers.

"You have got to lend him to me for a while, Di.

"I'll give you Roy to keep for a few minutes, as little girls lend their dolls.

"Be sure you are careful of him, and 'don't let him get broke.'

"I'm afraid he's sullen to-night—or sorry, who knows?—and I'd rather have Mr. Burleigh."

Dolly could say all sorts of things with safety.

People only smiled at her folly as at that of a pretty child.

But Roy's face flushed dark as she dragged the elderly fiance away from his betrothed, nothing loth for a lark with his jolly sister-in-law to be.

"Turn about is fair play," he said soberly.

"Diana, will you take my arm?"

She would not refuse it, though he observed her hesitate.

In a minute they were walking along the graveled drive, on into the frost-kissed garden, along the winding path shining in the moonlight.

Finally in the very arbor where he had met and kissed Dolly, Roy suddenly stopped and threw at his companion a look that turned her pale cheeks even paler.

A cry of anguish, long stifled, uncontrollable burst from him in a few desperate words—

"Diana, why have you treated me so, since I came back?

"I came to you, after five years' toil for us both, faithful, loving, ardent, and you froze me with a look!

"In one cruel moment you allowed me to see that your love for me was dead.

"What I have suffered under the blow none but myself will ever know.

"It is late to speak to you now, but I must ask why you treated me so very cruelly?"

"It is late, as you say; and you seem to have comforted yourself, Roy."

"Ah, now you are bitter.

"Would you like it better if you had crushed all life and hope out of me?

"You tried hard enough!

"Little Dolly was kinder—she liked me and was sorry for me.

"I was grateful to her—I shall try to make her happy; but there will be only one love for me in this world."

"Roy!"

The passionate ring of pain in her voice thrilled him with wonder.

"Diana!"

"It is wicked—deceitful—terrible, for you to say this to me now!

"Roy, I was within hearing of your every word, when you came back that day, met my sister on this very spot, mistook her for me, kissed her for me—and then—loved her for herself.

"She was to you what once I was.

"Oh, she was fair and gay, and the pink of her cheeks was more to you than the white of mine, worn white and thin for love and longing for him who came home to find me faded and sad—and to fall in love with my sister."

"As heaven is over us, Diana, you do me strange injustice.

"I did mistake Dolly for you, and I admired her because she was like you.

"In my heart I laughed at her girlish vanity, and condemned her selfishness; in five minutes I saw that her soul was not like her body, the image of yours; when I found you at last, my very heart melted in speechless love at the sight of the grave, noble, beautiful girl whom I thought my own; you know how you received me, Diana—how you chilled me—how you shrunk from me.

"And, Diana, the very day you asked to be free of your engagement, poor, foolish, fond little Dolly threw herself into my arms and asked me to take her instead.

"I never can love her; but I will be good to her for your sake, Diana.

"It seems so strange to me that you, of all women, should be cold and worldly—for it is the money alone for which you must be marrying this other man."

He stood and looked at her as if trying to understand and read the beautiful woman who had so baffled him.

He looked haggard in the moonlight—unutterably sad and hopeless.

Her dark blue eyes searched his for a moment, then her white face was buried in her hands.

"It is all a mistake on both sides," she whispered.

"I was too proud—too sensitive—and Dolly was too artful.

"She has hurt me, Roy, to the death.

"I thought that you liked her best—that I was forgotten—that you would be glad to be free.

"And so I spoke; but it broke my heart.

"Oh, Roy, why do I tell you this now?

"It is too late."

"Oh, Dolly, cruel Dolly!" mocked a voice, but it was not Roy's.

"Oh, wicked Dolly!" went on the merry, mocking voice.

And then Diana raised her startled face from her hands and looked wonderingly about.

There, close beside her, stood her naughty sister.

"It's the very strangest thing," she went on, unblushingly; "of all coincidences it is the luckiest—that Mr. Burleigh should just have been telling me that it was me he first and last and only wanted, though my sister was awfully nice and all that; and I like his money, and now I have come to ask, please, may I have him, Diana?—'a fair exchange is no robbery,' they say, and it will be such fun to surprise everybody."

Poor Miss Margaret.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

I KNDW something of her story, but I longed to hear it all—the story of the lovely old face, with its sweet dark eyes and snowy hair.

She was laid away for her long rest, with the heavy earth upon her heart.

The last sad words had died away over her lowly grave, and we slowly and sadly retraced our steps to the places which should know our dear old friend no more for ever.

On the evening following the funeral, as we sat together around the glowing winter's fire, I asked the dear grandmother to tell us the story of Miss Margaret's life.

She took off her spectacles, and polished them slowly with her handkerchief, looking meanwhile thoughtfully and sadly into the fire.

Then, turning round to us, she said—

"You all loved Miss Margaret, but you could not appreciate her loveliness as one who knew her in her youth, and through all the years of her beautiful, pathetic life.

"We were nearly the same age, she a few weeks younger than I.

"From our babyhood we have been constantly together.

"I cannot remember the time Margaret was not my other self.

"Our homes stood always where they do to-day—mine here, hers just over the way.

"Our mothers were dear friends, and the friendship ended to-day in the grave began with our first prattle and tottering footsteps."

"When we were six years of age we commenced our childish school life together.

"Years went on till we were grown up ready for the ladies' college in the adjoining town of Aldenbury.

"How wonderfully pretty Margaret was growing!

"She was always very slender, and peculiarly graceful.

"You know how handsome she was even in her old age.

"She had beautiful, dark brown, wavy hair; her grey eyes were very lovely; her small, pale face, with its delicate nose, fresh, dewy lips and firm little chin, was delightful to look upon.

"Sweet-tempered, modest, dignified, she was the idol of her parents and admired by all who knew her.

"In our seventeenth year we left the college.

"Margaret was to return at the autumn term as teacher.

"How we enjoyed that bright summer!

"All beautiful things are soon over; the autumn came, and with it our first separation.

"She went to Aldenbury on Monday morning, and Friday evening always saw her return to us again.

"It was about this time that I first noticed a change in my Margaret.

"I could not define it.

"In her sweet eyes there shone a solemn, holy light.

"A tremulous sort of beauty seemed to rest on brow and lip.

"She grew more beautiful each day.

"Her sweet reserve was never broken, even to me.

"It was a beautiful day in the latter part of the winter when Margaret came to me with a new look upon her pure face—a look which a woman never wears but once in life, when she loves as Margaret did.

"'Kate, I have something to tell you,' said she; and when she was cosily seated with me in my own room, she told me the story of her betrothal.

"Mr. Edmonds was principal of the college at Aldenbury.

"He had taken charge of the institution when Margaret went there in the autumn.

"He was the son of a widow, who was poor, and who lived in a distant town, where her son was a student.

"Mr. Edmonds was her sole support.

"His brother was in college at his expense, and, with this double responsibility, he had hesitated about speaking of his love to Margaret.

"He finally decided to tell her of it, and explain to her his situation.

"He said that he had not the presumption, even if she could return his love, to ask her to wait for him through the years which must necessarily intervene before he could have a wife and a home of his own.

"'I told him,' said Margaret, 'that I would wait for him for ever—for I love him.'

"The spring came, and with the first song of the birds and the perfume of the flowers, I was married.

"It needed but the fruition of my Margaret's love to complete my happiness.

"She came and went from her school sweet spring-time, full of deep, quiet happiness.

"When the summer came she went home with Mr. Edmonds to visit his mother, who had written constantly to her since the engagement.

"She returned to us in season for reopening of the college, where she was still to remain a teacher.

"She and Mr. Edmonds taught and studied together.

"He was a fine scholar, and she was fast following in his footsteps.

"I never saw a man so entirely devoted to any woman as Mr. Edmonds was to her.

"He seemed to look upon her as a treasure too precious and beautiful for him.

"Margaret's years of waiting were finally at an end, and in a few weeks she would enter upon her new life.

"A house was ready for them at Aldenbury, where, after a few weeks trip, they intended to reside.

"How I should miss her!

"But there was a thought I tried to keep in the background, and enjoy the present to the utmost.

"It was a lovely day in October, a week before the wedding-day, that Mr. Edmonds came into Margaret's parlor, looking fearfully ill.

"He stoutly insisted that it was nothing but a stout cold, and laughingly refused to be doctored, as he expressed it.

"The next morning he was unable to rise, and the doctor pronounced his malady diphtheria of the most malignant type.

"As the long day wore away he continued to grow worse, and at nightfall was delirious and suffering terribly.

"Margaret followed the physicians into the hall, and told them if there was any danger she wished to send for his mother and brother.

"Kind old Doctor Sealon, who had known Margaret from her birth, laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, and only said, 'Send at once, my child.'

"For two days he suffered terribly. Margaret never left him.

"Pale, tearless, strong and tender, she was by his side day and night.

"His mother, too, was with him on the day, when the end came.

"The sunset light stole into the room as he opened his eyes upon Margaret, and smiled.

"A sunbeam fell aslant upon the pillow, and lit up the dying face with angelic beauty.

"Margaret knelt down and laid her head beside his, and when, a few moments after, we raised her, he was dead. The beautiful young life had ended.

"Margaret stood looking down upon the dead face of her love without a tear, without a sound.

"She bent down and kissed him, then turned and left the room, waving aside any assistance, and no one saw her that day. When night came, a pale-faced, hollow-eyed woman issued from the room, and spent the long dark hours alone with her dead.

"This was the end of her dream, my sweet Margaret!

"The next morning she came to breakfast, looking as if years passed over her head.

"Her eyes had great, dark shadows beneath them, her lips were drawn with suffering.

"But from this first morning of her sorrowful life no one ever heard a moan over her bereavement.

"To her loving father and mother she was the spirit of devotion.

"Well as I knew Margaret, I did not dream of the strength which lay behind that frail exterior.

"To Mrs. Edmonds she was the dutiful, loving daughter, and together they took their dead to his childhood's home and laid him beside his father.

"I never, in all the years that followed heard her gay, bright laugh again.

"Patient, sweet, strong of soul, unselfish, her life henceforth was spent for others.

"And thus the seasons came and went, and found her ever at her post of duty, among the sorrowful, the sick, and afflicted.

"A more beautiful life I knew knew.

"And now the long waiting is over, and she has joined the love of her youth."

Only a Seamstress.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"MISS PERCIVAL, ma says you must really finish that dress by to-morrow afternoon.

"I shall want to wear it to the ball in the evening."

The speaker was a tall, haughty-looking girl of very distinguished appearance, as she flattered herself, though in this opinion few who knew her would be likely to coincide.

Her face was long, her features angular, her complexion poor, but her father was rich and lived in a fine house in Piccadilly, so she had plenty of admirers, or those who called themselves so.

It is wonderful how money beautifies and refines those who possess it.

So it was with Sarette Browne.

A few years before when her father was in moderate circumstances, she was Sarah Brown, but now she had discarded the plebeian names and was known as Sarette Browne.

"I will try to finish it, Miss Sarette," said the young seamstress meekly; "but there is a good deal of work yet to be done."

"Suppose there is, you can sit up late for one night."

"I am afraid I shall have to sit up all night," said Rose Percival, with a sigh, for she was weary of the monotonous labor which chained her to her chair twelve hours a day, and often hours after that into the night.

"That's none of my business," answered Sarette.

"Pa pays you well for your work, and you have no cause for complaint.

"I am sure you couldn't find an easier place."

"If it were any harder my health would soon give way," thought the seamstress, but she was too wise to say so.

Sarette flounced out of the room, giving scarcely a thought to the delicate girl on whom she had so coolly imposed a burden which would have tasked the endurance of much a stronger one.

"Really," she said to herself, "these seamstresses expect to be paid for doing nothing at all, and if there happens to be a little extra work they make no end of fuss about it.

"I know one thing, I must have that dress, even if she does have to sit up all night to finish it."

And who was Rose Percival?

Two years before she had been as well housed and as well dressed as her employer.

Her father had been a prosperous merchant, who had always lived expensively, and Rose had had the advantage of the best schools and masters in every accomplishment.

But Mr. Percival, like many others, found that riches had wings.

There came a period of commercial stagnation, his large stock of goods fell heavily in value, unexpected demands were made upon him, and the end was, bankruptcy.

He did not long survive the mortification of failure.

Three months later he died, and Rose, his only daughter and only child was thrown upon the cold mercy of the world.

It might have been supposed that some one of her dear five hundred friends would have come to her assistance, but most met her coldly, and she shrank away into obscure lodgings, and so was forgotten by the rest.

Finally she obtained a place as seamstress in the family of John Browne—formerly Brown—and was reduced to servitude.

Her work began early in the morning, till ten at night her weary fingers plied the needle.

She often envied the cook and chambermaid, for they were less confined than she was.

She wished that her antecedents had been such as to allow her to accept a place like theirs, for now her education and refined tastes only increased her unhappiness.

Steadily Rose worked at the heavy dress till her eyes ached and her brian was weary.

"I must have a little fresh air," she said finally in desperation.

"I can't help what Mrs. Browne says. I cannot stand any longer this terrible strain.

Fortunately the Brownes were out riding in their showy carriage, and the seamstress stole out of the house unobserved.

She walked as far as the park and sat down on one of the seats.

Cold as it was, she enjoyed the crisp air, and it brought back some of the old bloom to her cheek.

She was plunged in sad reverie when her name was called in evident surprise.

"Is this Rose Percival?" asked a tall, stately-looking man, his face betraying the joy he felt at the meeting.

"Colonel Dunham!" ejaculated Rose, strangely stirred, for in the days of her prosperity the young colonel had been a frequent and favored visitor at her father's house.

"Then you remember me?" said the colonel, smiling with pleasure. "May I sit down beside you?"

"I—if you like," stammered Rose, embarrassed.

"I certainly do like," said the gentleman seated himself beside her.

"Do you know I only arrived here two hours since.

"Three years of exile!

"Fancy, how pleasant it seems to be in London again."

"I am afraid you haven't heard of the change in my circumstances," stammered Rose.

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope."

"My poor father is dead."

"Yes, I heard of it," said the colonel, in a tone of sympathy.

"And—and he died very poor. Colonel Dunham, you may not like to sit by me when you know that I am only a seamstress."

It was hard work for poor Rose to utter the terrible words, for in days gone by she had fancied that Colonel Dunham paid her special attention, and she had been attracted by him as by no other man.

Colonel Dunham looked first grave, then he smiled, and the smile was sweeter than such a proud face could have been expected to wear.

"I don't think, Rose," he said, "that any harm can come to me from sitting by a seamstress since you are the one. Who is your employer?"

"John Browne."

"What? that vulgar parvenu? Then I certainly pity you. Do you like your situation?"

"Oh, I wish I could afford to give it up," said Rose earnestly.

Colonel Dunham fixed his eyes upon the beautiful sad face, and said—

"Rose, wouldn't you rather be my seamstress than John Browne's?"

"What do you mean?" faltered Rose, startled.

"Be my wife, Rose, that is what I mean," said the colonel, in a low, caressing voice.

"What! are you willing to marry a seamstress?" asked Rose incredulous.

"Would I? I would if she would accept me.

"What will be your answer, my dear Rose?"

"I am afraid it will be too much happiness."

The colonel's face brightened.

"Then it is all settled," he said.

A neighboring church clock struck five.

Rose got up hastily.

"I must be going back.

"I have to finish a dress for Miss Browne to appear in at the ball to-morrow evening."

"Stop!" said the colonel.

"I cannot permit my promised wife to weary herself with such a task.

"Miss Sarette Browne must wear another dress."

"I don't dare to refuse. She will drive me from the house."

"Have you a friend with whom you can find a temporary home?

"But stay.

"I will call in a carriage in an hour and take you to my sister's house.

"That shall be your home until I can give you another."

"But will your sister be willing?" asked Rose.

"Trust me for that.

"Go back if you like, Rose, but remember that I shall call for you in an hour," he said.

* * * * * * *

Rose entered the house just as the Brownes drove up to the door.

"Where have you been, Miss Percival?" demanded Mrs. Browne, in a terrible voice.

"I went for a walk, madam. My head ached so."

"Do you understand, Miss Percival, that I pay you wages for walking out and making a display of yourself in the neighborhood?

"Really, I never heard of such effrontery."

"Nor I, ma," chimed in Miss Sarette Browne.

"It's outrageous.

"Shall you have my dress done, Miss Percival?"

"I cannot promise," said Rose.

"Then you leave my house to-night," exclaimed Mrs. Browne furiously.

"Very well, madam."

"In an hour," said the angry lady, her face redder than ever.

"I will," said Rose, with a coolness that astonished her employer.

In an hour a footman rang the bell at the Brownes' house.

A stylish carriage was in waiting.

"Please say to Miss Percival that her carriage is ready."

"What?" ejaculated Sarette Browne, who from the head of the stairs heard the message.

"Ask the man if he does not mean Miss Browne."

"No.

"'Tis carriage is sent for Miss Rose Percival."

In a walking-dress Rose passed her astonished employer on the stairs.

"Good-bye, Miss Sarette," she said.

"What does this mean, Miss Percival?" demanded the astonished Sarette.

Rose gave a brief explanation, which left Sarette positively speechless.

What! her seamstress to become the wife of the rich and distinguished Colonel Dunham, the great match of the season.

Too late she repented the treatment which would make it difficult to secure the friendship and social recognition of one who was now to become a great lady.

But regrets were unavailing.

And Rose!

In her luxurious home her thoughts sometimes go back to the days of her servitude, and she thanks Heaven that they are gone, never to return.

THE HUMAN EAR.—Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer portion of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridors at different places, and can be thrown into vibration or made to tremble as the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains, a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all, rows of fine thread, called nerves, stretch like the strings of a piano to the last point to which the trembling or thrillings reach, and pass inward to the brain. If these nerves are destroyed, the power of hearing departs, as the power to give out sounds is lost by the piano or violin when its strings are broken.

A Great Gain.

A patient writes: "My cough is almost gone, and the pain under my left shoulder-blade is better. I can sit up straight with ease and draw deep breaths, and can walk without having palpitation of the heart. I could not do any of these before using Compound Oxygen." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WIT OF THE PAST.

DIOGENES, the Greek, finding the water in a public bath dirty, asked—

"Where can one go and wash on coming out?"

The Tahiti women, after a swim in the sea, always went and rinsed themselves in a fresh-water brook, to preserve the smoothness of their skins.

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing.

"I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed that she had a sty in them when I saw her last."

People with one leg in the grave are an immense time before they put in the other.

They seem, like birds, to repose better on one leg.

There are three things that no man but a fool lends, or having lent, is not in the most hopeless state of mental darkness, if he ever hope to get back again.

These three things are books, umbrellas and money.

Horace Walpole writes of George Selwyn, whose penchant for everything connected with public executions was notorious.

"He came to town the other day to have a tooth drawn, and told a man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal."

On the downfall of the Rockingham Ministry some one remarked apologetically, in Foote's hearing, that they had been at their wit's end, and were quite tired to death.

Foote remarked that their excessive fatigue could scarcely have arisen from the length of their journey.

Curran happened to tell Sir Thomas Turton that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips.

Sir Thomas declared that he had spoken for five hours in the House of Commons on the Nabob of Oude without feeling in the least thirsty.

"That is certainly remarkable indeed," observed Curran, "for everybody agrees that it was the driest speech of the session.

"My client," said an Irish advocate, pleading before Lord Norbury in action for trespass, "is a poor man man. He lives in a hovel, and his miserable dwelling is in a forlorn and dilapidated state, but, thank God, the laborer's cottage, however ruinous its plight, is his sanctuary and his castle.

"Yes, the winds may enter it, and the rain may enter it, but the king cannot enter it."

"What, not the reigning king?" inquired his lordship.

"Lamartine is puffed up with conceit," exclaimed the author one day of a long and tedious epic which had fallen stillborn from the press; "he imagines himself to be the best poet of his time."

"In any case," replied one of those present, "he is not the worst, as you surely ought to know. That place is already taken!"

Curran said of an acquaintance whose expression of countenance was particularly grave and solemn—

"Whenever I see smiles upon that man's face they remind me of the tin clasps on an oaken coffin."

Somebody asked Curran what business had brought a very tall Irish friend of his to London.

"I cannot precisely say," replied the great lawyer, "though he is one of my longest acquaintances.

"Perhaps it is to peep down the chimneys of the Londoners, and find out what they have for dinner."

Bushe, the Irish Chief Justice, on being told that the judges in the Court of Common Pleas had a little or nothing to do, remarked, "Well, well, they're quite equal to it."

"I hear," said somebody to Jeykll, "that our friend Smith, the attorney, is dead, and leaves very few effects."

"It could scarcely be otherwise," returned Jeykll; "he had so very few causes."

When Thelwall was on his trial for high treason he wrote the following note, during the evidence for the prosecution, and sent it over to Erskine, his counsel:

"I am determined to plead my cause myself."

Erskine wrote back—

"If you do you'll be hanged;" to which Thelwall replied: "Then I'll be hanged if I do."

A lady of irascible temper asked George Selwyn why woman was made of the rib.

"Indeed, I can't say," was the reply, "unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

THAT was an economical couple whom a Chattanooga Justice of the Peace found sitting on the doorstep of his office. They requested him to marry them as quickly as possible, as the groom did not want to be docked on his day's work.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 16th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated. MRS. MARY STUART.

Which of the Two?

BY G. D.

ALL West Row was sorry when Dr. Carew died.

He had received so many wailing little infants in his arms, he had soothed so many an hour of pain, he had come through all sorts of wind and weather to take his patient post at sick-beds, and his silver hair and kindly forehead had been the last object upon which so many a closing eye had gazed, that Dr. Carew's dying from our midst seemed almost incredible.

But he died, and was buried, and almost before they had piled the green sod over his grave, two new disciples of Æsculapius came to West Row and hung out their glittering signs.

There was Dr. Garnet, a spruce handsome man, who had a moustache, and wore kid gloves.

And there was Dr. Silcox, absent and tall, with stooping shoulders, who tied his neckcloth awry, and invariably forgot to put on his gloves.

And of course they were both anxious to succeed.

"I'm told there are some very wealthy families here," said Dr. Garnet, when, according to the dictates of medical etiquette, he called at the unpretending little office of Dr. Silcox.

"Yes?"

Doctor Silcox was absently bending an ivory paper-cutter back and forth.

"And a deal of sickness among the factory hands, and no adequate drainage to those marshes back of the railroad.

"There should be a free hospital here, too, the population warrants it."

"Oh, hang your free hospitals!" said Dr. Garnet impatiently.

"If people want a doctor let them call him in and pay for him, that is my theory."

Dr. Silcox lifted his big eyes gravely to the other's face.

"But suppose they can't afford it?" said he.

"Then they've no business to be sick," said Dr. Garnet.

"He has no more heart than a paving-stone," was Dr. Silcox's verdict in regard to his medical *confrere*.

"He is a fool," said Dr. Garnet, as he got into his carriage and told his coachman to drive on.

"Free hospitals, indeed; and a system of d[illegible]!

"Does the man want to bite off his own nose?

"What's that?

"The big stone mansion on the hill is the one that Miss Chrystan lives in.

"Not a bad location, eh?

"I must get some one to introduce me to the heiress of West Low."

And he chuckled at his own wit.

Miss Chrystan herself, did he but know it, was a little curious in regard to the two new doctors who were competing for poor Dr. Carew's practice.

She was a slight small creature, of the humming-bird order of women, with hair of the genuine buttercup gold, dreamy blue eyes, and the least perceptible lisp in her voice.

"How is one to know what to do?" said she,

"In case, I mean, of sudden sickness."

"Oh, I wish dear old Dr. Carew could have lived for ever."

"Ah," said Miss Jewett, her cousin, "send for Doctor Garnet of course.

"He's such a love, and the other young man stumbles when he walks, and always has his hands in his pockets."

Miss Chrystan laughed, and forgot all about it the next minute, until one day one of her favorite old women fell ill, and Miss Chrystan resolved that something ought to be done about it.

"She has sent to Dr. Garnet twice," said the heiress to Miss Jewett, "and he has taken no sort of notice of the call.

"Dr. Carew always attended Janet gratis, and this other young doctor must be made to understand how it is.

"Ellie, I've a great mind to go myself and see Janet."

"Oh do," said Miss Jewett clapping her hands.

"Go to Doctor Garnet's, and if he's real nice, ask him to dinner.

"Nonsense," said Miss Chrystan.

But she smiled, and did not look altogether displeased at the idea.

It was a dark February afternoon, with frost-bound roads, sky of uniform lavender-gray, and occasional flurries of snow in the air; and Lulu Chrystan had one or two cottages to stop at on her way, so that the twilight had fallen chill and gloomy as a funeral pall, before she left the last [illegible].

Old Mrs. Drudgett insisted on wrapping her own tartan shawl around her young visitor at the door.

"The [illegible] won't keep the [illegible] Miss [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THE WAX CANDLES.

BY PERCY VERE.

WITHIN a certain country the great mountain rises as a watch-tower on [illegible]

The wild glens and inhospitable forest deeps are visited only by storm clouds blown from the western plains, when the sky is hidden from the desert [illegible] which receive the pouring waters: [illegible] crystal springs, bubbling and flowing [illegible] at the foot of the mountain and [illegible]

[illegible] ars ago there was a fisherman's cabin on the shore, built of wood and humbly thatched; not far from it, on the brow of the hill, stood a lordly edifice, granite-walled and metal-roofed, called the Gun [illegible]

The cabin was inhabited by a fisherman and his boy, while the lodge every autumn rang with boon fellows and hunts-men, when its lord brought thither a lawless company of lords and ladies for the wild chase, in his forests, of deer and boar.

These were evil days at the castle, when the butler swore between the wine casks, the cook cursed the victuals, and the keepers flung oaths to the hounds; while lords and ladies sitting at cards gambled away the time between the hunt.

Sunday was unknown at the castle, which harbored neither chapel nor chaplain: they would have thought of the Lord's Day as [illegible] were strangers to His service.

Things were different in the cabin by the lake.

At evening, when the fire had burned low on the whitey hearth, and the silver moon had risen upon the lake, a hymn was sung beneath the thatch, a prayer would rise, followed by the hush of folded wings when daily work is done.

The fisherman and his son slept peacefully till their goats awoke in the shed close by, when the boy would lead them out, himself following his father to the lake, and the two were never more noisy than the waves knocking against the sides of their fishing-boat, as it went gliding over the rippling waters.

The old fisherman turned but unwillingly to the lodge.

[illegible] and his soul recoiled from the wickedness he saw there.

It seemed to him as if even of the noise of their lawless pleasure, the laughter of the Evil One could be heard, preparing to gather in the harvest of his realm below.

The boy used to go up with his father, helping him to carry the fish, but the old man left him outside while by himself he took the trout to the kitchen; "for," said he, "my heart will no longer respond to this music, but the feet of my Toni are easily beguiled."

Yet once on a Christmas Eve, the lady of [illegible] called the boy as she saw him [illegible] ing to-night in the great banqueting hall; run to the town for waxen candles—we must light up the place, and the errand boy has been button as he helped feeding the dogs."

Toni asked his father's leave and went over the hills to the little town beyond.

There had been no snow yet.

The tom-tits chirped merrily in the branches, and the grey-lichened rocks caught the sunbeams between the leaves [illegible]

Things looked happy, and the grocer too was kindly disposed.

Packing up the long white tapers, he added three little ones, red and blue, saying, "These are for yourself, Toni, and a merry Christmas Eve when you burn them to-night.

[illegible] also is a gingerbread cake for you and your father.

[illegible]

Toni rejoiced over his Christmas gift, and although his way back was up-hill, he reached the lodge a full half-hour sooner than the first part of his journey to the grocer's would have led one to expect.

The lady was pleased with his speedy return, and ordered the butler to give him a silver penny and a bottle of home-brew beer.

He took them all home to his dear father.

Now the old man would have liked to save the candles, burning them one by one.

But Toni was of opinion that Christmas came but once a year, and that in honor of the dear Lord born that night one might do even more than this; so [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] while the Evil One went his [illegible] of the wood, looking for rest and finding none, for [illegible] startled and turned out everywhere.

Wherever he passed a church there went up a "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men;" wherever he looked through a window there was Christmas joy, innocent babes dreaming of golden angels, and the mothers singing [illegible] with the little ones; wherever he peered into a public-house it was empty and [illegible] ere, an abode for owls only—even he trembled at the starin[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ling in darkness; when [illegible] ner, he beheld the lights and [illegible] shadows of the banqueting [illegible] with unholy joy.

"Here I remain, for as sure as I am Belial, the lights up there are burning for [illegible]

Nor would he pass the angel by the cottage without asserting himself.

"Friend," said he, "*whose lights, think you, burn longest, thine or mine?*"

"The Lord knoweth," replied the angel, and continued his watch in the night.

Belial entered the Godless hall; his unseen presence was among them in the hunting influences of the wine quickening the throbbing pulse, and the music which filled their ears.

The dancers went whirling, as dry leaves sweep in eddies before the storm.

And the Evil One kept trimming the lights, he would have them burn longer by far than those in the cabin, and the servants had no thoughts but the pleasures of the evening.

They were busy every one of them; those who served not stood staring through the doors at the company within.

The head-keeper alone, nowise wanted upstairs, went his silent way through the great cellar which spread beneath the castle.

Even Satan did not think of him, an old friend being easily over-looked in company and Satan was more than usually busy that night.

The old tippler had long been curious to know what wines were laid apart in the small vault beyond the great cellar, and separated from it by an inviting doorway.

A better opportunity for satisfying his curiosity could surely be found; taking a light from the forsaken kitchen, he possessed himself of the butler's keys and went below.

His light, an open lamp, burned dim, but there was spirit enough in the cellars; he poured a quantity on the burning wick, and the bluish flame lit up the granite walls about him.

There was a score of small casks in the vault he had come to explore; the drunkard eyed them keenly, and with unsteady hands he rolled one of them to the front, bored a hole and inserted a straw to taste the precious issue.

But no wine came forth; a black stream of powder only went flowing and gradually rising into a heap on the floor.

The 50 casks had been provided since the great war, their contents not being fit for the guns of more recent times.

The keeper stood gazing, but not for long; a gust of wind through the door carried a spark from the burning wick, which fell on the powder before [illegible]

And the angel by the cabin saw the metal roof of the castle burst asunder, making way for a column of smoke, a dull crash thundering through the valley.

He knew now why he had been sent to watch over those who were his Lord's.

There was work for him indeed to save the cabin from the great destruction, and had he not spread his wings as a hen guarding her brood, the terrible explosion would have hurled the little house beside the castle into the lake.

The fisher and his child had heard the crash and rushed from the door; they saw the awful column rising, tottering, sinking, and the waters closing again, in horror.

Where the castle had been, nought remained but blackened walls and ghastly mountebanks gliding amid the ruins.

The lights had vanished, death only spoke from the silence left behind.

The fisherman and his boy bent their heads, giving thanks to the Lord who had kept them in darkness; and putting out their candles they were at peace beneath the shadow of His wing.

Some months after, when the water fowl sat on her nest in the reeds, relations of the family of Haldenstein came to examine the ruins.

But although everything had remained as it had fallen in the dread night (the fisherman would not for worlds have touched a stone) they found neither gold nor silver, nor any of the things which had adorned the rich man's house.

They made up for their disappointment over a satisfactory dish of the fisherman's trout, and as little Toni brought them a basket of strawberries, freshly gathered, they said to him, "We will give you what you may find, either on the spot above, or in the lake beneath; but remember us when you give thanks."

And Toni indeed searched many a time, but never a treasure did he find.

After many years only, when the old net was wearing out and a new one needed, it so happened that a silver plate or spoon was fished ashore, which he sold in the little town beyond the hill, buying hemp instead.

The old fisherman was gone, but Toni was the old man over again, and with his faithful wife trudged, as his father had done before him, into the neighboring town, where he found a market for his eggs and fish, and the respect and love of many simple hearts.

[illegible] the best of [illegible]
Moses Grasse, Eggs, Ivory, Hair etc.

THE OLD WELL.

BY JULIUS THACHER.

I AM an old farmer, living in the oldest house in Oldtown.

The only thing new upon the place is a well.

We have an ancient well, but no one ever tastes the water there, though it is as cold and clear as [illegible]

I [illegible] when I [illegible] the [illegible] d his days in, [illegible] to see it and the [illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] this place.

But I'll tell you all about it.

It was what folks call a haunted place, and for ten years it had stood vacant.

People tried to live there, but were always frightened away.

Twelve years before this, the proprietor had been a jealous old gentleman, who had a young wife, whom he would never permit out of his sight if he could avoid it.

However, she was as sly as he was watchful, and she managed to flirt sufficiently to make herself talked about.

Being very pretty, two silly young fellows fell in love with her, and one used to follow her about, making eyes and sighing dreadfully, like a lover in a play.

The post-mistress said that he wrote to her—and I suppose he did.

He was gone, and she was gone; and the old man came one morning to Lawyer Tantivy, and sold his property, at a great loss, to a man who had wanted it for years—a rich man, who liked to have it said that he owned the finest place in Oldtown.

The new proprietor moved up to the great house in state; but at dawn the whole family—servants and all—returned to their old quarters.

What they had seen, or what had not seen, it was hard to tell, but they were all nearly frightened to death.

The doctor was sent for the ladies, and they spoke of the most awful apparitions.

After this, the head of the family and three constables, from the little market town, spent a day and a night there.

They held their tongues; but those who saw them next knew they had been well frightened, and the man put the place into the market at once.

Lawyer Tantivy privately told people that only a coward would have been frightened by rats in an old wall, and he sold the property to a city man.

Much the same thing happened, but the house was not sold again.

The city man went elsewhere, and tried in vain to get rid of his bargain.

It was let for the summer once, but the people did not stay a week.

After a while, nobody would farm the ground.

Some said they saw a woman with her throat cut; some that they saw a man with a wound in his breast; some both.

Voices were heard; hands were felt; and there, when I came to the place, the old house stood, with moths and spiders for its only tenants.

I went up and looked at it, and then I talked to Jane.

She had not a bit of superstition in her, and she agreed to what I proposed.

I went to old Tantivy, and offered him a hundred a year for a five years' lease of the place, the five hundred to be paid in one sum.

"After that," said I, "I'll give you two thousand for the property.

"Wife and I are not afraid of ghosts."

The old lawyer shook his head.

"You say you've met with losses," said he, "and have just six hundred left?

"Kept it.

"You couldn't live in that house one week. I've tried it.

"I'd make a bargain with a rich man, but I'm not rascal enough to take poor man's all."

"I risk it," said I.

"I do it freely, but the papers must be made out fair and square—two thousand after my five years' lease.

And so I had my way.

Jane and I went up to the house next day.

It was a wonderful, grand, dirty old [illegible]

We set to work to clean it—to drive out the insects and the rats; and we got some fresh straw to sleep on, for the beds were all mouldering away.

That night at nine we lay down, with a lamp burning, and went to sleep like two tops; and I think it must have been twelve o'clock, or nigh to it, when Jane shook me violently.

I started up, and holding each other's hands, we both saw what had frightened her.

A man stood near the bed, a young man, with fair hair curling about his temples; his breast was bare, and we saw a great bleeding wound there.

I had my pistol under my pillow, and I drew it out and looked at him.

"Away you go, or I fire," I said; "I am not a fool to be tricked in this way."

Instead of obeying, he slowly moved towards the bed.

"Jane shrieked, and I drew the counterpane [illegible]

[illegible]

He took the step, I fired.

A shriek of laughter followed, and there was no one there.

I arose and searched the place.

Every window was barred, every door locked.

I unlocked one of the doors, and entered the adjoining room.

A great bed, with tester and canopy, stood there, and upon this lay the figure of a woman, all in white, covered with blood.

I rushed towards it, lamp in hand.

Again those hollow shrieks of laughter, and nothing but the stained and yellow ticking of an old feather bed lay under the the canopy.

"Luke! Luke!" screamed my wife, who had followed me, clinging to my arm. "It is all true.

"Let us leave the place."

"Jane," said I, "it seems to be true that this place is haunted, but we have risked our all on it.

"Things we have seen have not hurt us, and I propose to drive them away.

"I'll take you to the village, if you like, and leave you there to live, but here I stay until I beat these ghosts."

"Not alone," said Jane; and she did not leave me.

If you believe me, day and night for three weeks we were haunted as people never were before—faces, voices, hands—in the house or in the field; and worse than all, we grew ill.

I sent for the doctor, who wouldn't come, and we went to him.

"You are poisoned," he said.

"What have you eaten, or what have you been drinking?"

We thought it over, and I told him that we knew of nothing harmful, and that we cooked and prepared all our own food.

"I never know anyone to pass a day at that confounded house you live in without being affected in this way," said he; "even those who did not eat there.

"Constable Collins says he touched nothing but cold water, and he came to me nearly dying."

"It's the well, then," said I.

"They used to call it the best well in the country," said the doctor.

"It has a nasty taste now," said I. "I'll beg water from my neighbors until I've cleaned it out."

And that day I began.

We got better slowly, and I tried to hire two farm-laborers to come and help me with my well.

Not one would come.

I was almost tired of living as I did, and feeling like a maniac; and one day I went down to the well, and sat there, wondering whether it might not be best to give up and go somewhere as farm-laborer, when I felt what seemed to be an icy hand on my head, and looking up, saw my two ghosts, side by side.

[illegible]

"The water is cold, and our wounds are deep.

"Get out!"

And then the truth came to me, goodness knows how.

I was just able to crawl over to my neighbor's house, and I said to him, "Mr. Jarvis, will you send one of your men to the authorities and have the police sent up to my place?

"There's something in my well that ought not to be there."

Well, they came, and I was right.

They took out of that well two bodies, rolled up in sheet lead.

By bits of jewelry, and things of that sort, they found out that they were the bodies of the young wife of the old proprietor and the young man who used to run after her.

The old man had killed them both, but he must have had help to bury them in their leaden coffins.

And now people began to remember how two plumbers, who had a good deal [illegible] sheet lead in their shop, grew suddenly well off, and went from the place about the [illegible] they believed that he had paid them for [illegible] him to dispose of the bodies.

They were buried in the graveyard, and Jane and I never saw the ghosts again.

The farm land and summer visitors brought me the price I had agreed upon for the place, and I've been a prosperous [illegible] ever since.

A GOOD LESSON.—An eminent professor once taught a good lesson to one of his students in the lecture-room after some chemi[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

SILENCE.

BY E. F. W.

There are sighs unheaved, there are tears unwept;
There are tales unsung, there are harps unswept;
There are griefs unknown, there are thoughts untold;
There are hearts that beat warm when they seem but cold;
There are loves unlost when they seem so dead;
There are wounds unseen that have often bled,
For the soul feels on when in silence deep
It lives unheard as the winds in their sleep.

There are sorrows very dark that o'ercloud our way,
And that shade the heart in our life's glad day;
There are joys unfelt, there are hopes unfelt;
There are pledges hushed, there are vows unsaid;
There are flowers dead among the spring leaves,
There are treasures lost among the golden sheaves;
There are memories sweet, and we love them well,
But the eye grows dim as their currents swell.

There are friendships gone like the dews of morn;
There are smiles now turned to the coldest scorn;
There are dreams we loved in the days gone by,
When the sun was warm and so bright our sky,
That are past like spray on the ocean's breast
When the storm has ceased and her waters rest;
And the heart grows sad that its loves have died,
That its hopes are gone and its garlands dead.

There are scenes we knew that are faded now;
There are gathered wreaths and a shaded brow;
There are songs unsung that we loved to hear
When the heart was fresh and its pleasures near;
There are footsteps hid in the sands of time;
There are voices stilled in this earthly clime,
But the echoes come from the boundless shore
That lies beyond in the vast evermore.

There are prayers we breathe for the ones we love
Whilst we linger here from our home above,
Yet we suffer to think that our griefs will cease,
And our hearts rejoice in an endless peace.
Far away, above the ethereal blue,
Where each soul is glad and each heart is true,
We will live in love, and her radiant beam
Will inspire the soul with a heavenly dream.

REMARKABLE COMETS.

THE earliest observers of comets were either among the Chinese or Chaldeans. Among the most ancient nations, especially the Greeks and Romans, comets were regarded as not only precursors of evil, but frequently also of good fortune. Thus in the year 344 B. C. the appearance of a great comet was thought to be a token of the success of Timoleon's expedition to Sicily. Again, in the year 134 or 135 B. C., the birth of the great Mithridates was signalized by two remarkable comets whose brightness, we are told, eclipsed that of the noon-day sun, and which occupied a quarter of the heavens. The accession of Mithridates in the year 118 B. C. to the throne of Pontus was likewise marked by a celestial visitant of the same nature.

A comet which shone in the year 86 B. C. was thought by Pliny to have been the forerunner of the civil commotions which took place during the consulship of Octavius, and another which appeared in 43 B. C. was believed to be the soul of Julius Cæsar transported to the heavens.

Later on, a number of comets, during the reign of Nero, were seized on by that emperor as pretexts for all kinds of persecution. Tacitus, referring to one of these, remarks that it was "a kind of presage which Nero always expiated with noble blood."

Josephus relates that in 68 A. D., among the terrible omens which foretold the doom of Jerusalem, was a comet with a tail in the shape of a sword, which hung for a year over the city.

Comets were very frequently regarded in past times as the presages of the death of some illustrious personage.

Comets are said to have foretold the death of the Emperors Vespasian, Constantine the Great, and Valentinian, of Attila the Hun, Mahomet, Louis the Second, Richard Cœur de Lion, Philip of Spain, Francis the Second, and many other potentates too numerous to mention.

The historian Sozomenes describes a terrible comet which hung over Constantinople in the year 400, and was believed to be the cause of the pestilence that devastated the city.

During the Middle Ages comets were almost universally considered as foretelling calamities. We read less of them as presaging an auspicious reign or honoring the birth of a great hero, than as the precursors of plague, famine, or war.

In the year 1000 it was popularly believed that the world was coming to an end, and it may be easily imagined that men's minds were in a state to exaggerate the importance of any phenomena in the heavens. A comet which was visible in that year for nine days, was described as being shaped like a dragon, and as having many impossible accompaniments.

Shortly before William the Conqueror crossed to Britain, a comet with three tails made its appearance, which was said by his courtiers to prove the divine right of the invader to the throne.

This comet has been proved to be identical with that afterwards discovered by Halley, and had already appeared several times, in the years 684 A. D., 12 B. C., and possibly 135 B. C., in which case it was the same as that which announced the birth of Mithridates.

Previous to the time of Newton, the appearances and movements of comets were a great puzzle to the philosophers, and numerous were the speculations as to their nature.

The Chaldeans had by no means a totally false notion of the causes of their appearance and disappearance, attributing them to the fact that they revolve in orbits far above the moon, so as to be only visible to us during a small portion of their revolution. They were also right in believing them to be of a nature allied to the planets rather than mere atmospheric phenomena. This view was adopted by the astronomer Appolonius of Myndus, who, as Seneca relates, received his ideas from the Chaldeans. It was also held by Diogenes, the Ionic philosopher, that, Hippocrates of Chios, and several of the Pythagorean school. Seneca had the same opinion.

The great comet of 1861 created considerable of a sensation by the suddenness with which it blazed out, and the shortness of the time during which it was visible in our latitudes.

With this we must conclude our short review.

Grains of Gold.

The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

Conceit, in all its forms, is the token of a shallow nature.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

The word "impossible" is the mother tongue of little souls.

That which is bitter to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.

If you would succeed in life, rise early and be an economist in time.

A Christian should show his religion over a counter as well as at an altar.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

Class not the idle among the living; they are a sort of dead men who can't be buried.

When a good resolution is formed, beware of the tempter—he is then always nearest.

Charity obliges us not to disturb a man; prudence not to trust him before we know him.

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart.

Retribution stands with uplifted axe, and culture, rank, and robes of sanctity cannot stay its blow.

Be loving, and you will never want for love. Be humble, and you will never want for guidance.

Envy is a vice, which keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel, and working its own disquiet.

It is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad.

Power turns a deaf ear to the reproaches of those who are without the power of redressing their wrongs.

Rashness generally ends in folly and shame; young men are exhorted in Scripture to be sober-minded.

For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles, is to dream in the lap of folly.

He who is false to present duty, breaks a law in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to a garment.

The man who contents himself to-day with that which he has, will content himself to-morrow with that which he may have.

Humility is everywhere preached, and pride practised: they persuade others to labor for heaven, and fall out about earth themselves.

There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position, and makes the best of it.

Your relations with God decide your life in the world. If you would walk with God, first be with Him in the depths and intensity of your own soul.

There is no short cut to excellence. In every department of human achievement superiority is based upon toil, and success is reached only by effort.

If there is anything which even a very clever young man ought to congratulate himself on, it is the knowledge, early acquired, that he isn't a genius. For, if he thinks otherwise the chances are that the mistake may spoil him.

Femininities.

True love is like a jack-o-lantern; it is hard to catch, and rarely seen.

Women very seldom stop to think. True enough, but they never fail to stop and talk.

Perhaps it is the powder on the fair maiden's cheeks that blasts the hopes of so many young men.

A man loves when his judgment approves; a woman's judgment approves when she loves.

There is no passion that more excites us to everything that is noble and generous than virtuous love.

The dark grave, which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim the fatal doubt once cast on woman's name.

An Englishwoman who refuses to live with her husband is still liable to imprisonment for her obstinacy.

Just as soon as a woman gets a new dress and bonnet she has more business in the street than a kerbstone broker.

"What would you do, Mr. M., if your wife died?" asked Mrs. H. Mr. M. (who is very methodical)—"I would bury her.

The kind wife who has a smile for her husband when he comes into the house, will not drive him to the saloon to get one.

If it is your purpose in life to make your face your fortune, you must look well to it, or it will turn out to be your misfortune.

A wise woman will not light the fire with kerosene, but will invite the servant girl, to whom she owes three months' wages, to do so.

A gentleman, whose wife presented him with twins on Christmas day, pathetically remarked, "Thank Heaven Christmas and babies come but once a year!"

Young ladies, when you casually ask your young man the size of boot he wears, don't forget to add at least two sizes to the slippers you make for him.

Before marriage she took a lock of his hair to remember him by, and after marriage she occasionally took a handful or two to make him remember.

There will always be this important difference between a coquette and a woman of sense and modesty—that while one courts every man, every man courts the other.

That young lady who made 700 words out of "conservatory" last fall, has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of a flour."

Whoever doubts that the newspapers have a mission, should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.

The true reason why so many women want a radical reform in female attire is not on account of notions of convenience or health; it is because they are afraid of mice.

"I do wish you would come home earlier," said a woman to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine there's somebody in the house, but when you come I know there ain't."

A fashionable authoress remarks, "Women do not love any more." Of course not; they can't perform impossibilities, and they cannot fall in love any more than they do, unless the years are made longer.

The "Pendleton Civil Service bill has passed," remarked Mr. Wigglesworth, from the interior of his paper. "Well, I'm glad of that," said his wife, "and now I hope our hired girl will have a little more manners."

The terrible infant: "Julia, my little cherub, when will your sister Emma return?" Julia—"I don't know." "Didn't she say anything before she went?" Julia—"She said if you come to see her that she'd be gone till doomsday."

The female plaintiff in a Western divorce suit was asked, upon taking the stand and prior to being sworn, if she believed in love. "I used to," she answered, "but since I got married I've had all the nonsense taken out of me."

To come home and find an ill-cooked dinner presided over by a slatternly wife in her tantrums is a gloomy business. To hear a husband meander daily over the increasing price of coal and small beer is quite as gloomy for the wife.

An exchange asks in bold head lines, "Why do women work?" Well, some women work because they enjoy it, and others because their husbands are busy in politics, and the woman of the house is obliged to hustle around and earn the daily bread.

At a dinner party a clumsy footman spills the contents of a sauce-boat over the dress of one of the guests. "How clumsy—what a pity!" says the lady of the house; "how could you do such a thing? As likely as not there won't be sauce enough to go round now!"

Even He that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of His death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that her holy love should be our last worldly thought—the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven.

The latest mode of popping the question was introduced by a Camden young man. The present cold snap induced him to ask his adored: "Miranda, do you wish to warm your feet against my back this winter?" And Miranda blushed and softly murmured: "It's going to be a terrible cold winter, John."

A beautiful feature in the character of the Turks is their reverence and respect for the author of their being. Their wives' advice and reprimands are unheeded; their words are nothing; but their mother is an oracle; she is consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honored to her latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret beyond the grave.

News Notes.

Dickens parties have been revived in Maine.

There are 2,252 women conducting farms in Indiana.

There are said to be 100,000 colored Baptists in South Carolina.

The seeds of the sunflower are considered a great delicacy in Madrid.

Southern States are moving in the direction of a world's fair in 1884.

An Indian's widow is expected to keep in mourning for twenty moons.

A 9 year-old boy at Searcy, Ark., has a heavy moustache and whiskers.

During the past 15 years 3,500 churches have been built in this country.

Illinois dairymen purpose to stow away butter next season and raise prices.

A new 5-cent nickel is to be coined, a little larger and thinner than the present one.

A popular and efficient "boss" carpenter at Jacksonville, Fla., was recently discovered to be a woman.

During the past year $85,000,000 of property was destroyed by fire in the United States and Canada.

The experiment in Washington of collecting letters from street boxes by the use of tricycles is a success.

During 1882 fifty four murders were committed in Chicago, yet only one murderer suffered the death penalty.

Cardinal Manning, the head of the Roman Catholic Church of England, wears the temperance blue ribbon.

At Palmetto, Ga., recently, a little boy was smothered to death by sinking into a pile of cotton-seed in which he was playing.

A boy at Columbus, O., swallowed 20 feet of red ribbon, in order that he might pull it out of his mouth, conjurer-fashion, and astonish the family.

That large numbers of wolves still exist in France is shown by the fact that the French Government last year paid rewards for the slaughter of 1,225.

An umbrella thief in Cincinnati was recently sentenced to three months' imprisonment. We sincerely hope that this tidal wave will sweep eastwards.

Twenty years ago Jay Gould was working as line man in the service of surveyors for $100 a month. His income is now estimated at $250,000 a month.

Chicago, with sixty square miles of territory and 600,000 people, has only 448 policemen, about two hundred and fifty being available for night service.

Ezekiel Peabody put $300 into a Marblehead savings bank when he was 21 years of age. He is now 85, and has never drawn a cent of principal or interest.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave this year a New Year's dinner to eight hundred of her tenants, and afterwards personally presented a gift to each one.

Patti, the singer, was awakened the other night in New York by a sharp pain in her ear, and putting up her hand disturbed a mouse who had been taking a little luncheon.

It was recently shown in a suit in Paris that a married man had paid over $30,000 blackmail rather than have his wife know that he had written an actress two love letters.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says that he believes in the doctrine of Evolution up to the point of origin of man. The Darwinian theory, he thinks, is repugnant to the feelings of mankind.

Prince Bismarck is opposed to allowing any facilities for the return of German emigrants after their naturalization as American citizens, as they thus obtain full exemption from military service.

Statistics of mortality in nine English towns that have been supplied with improved drainage, show that deaths from consumption have greatly diminished in number since the improvement was introduced.

The City of Montreal has made a claim for taxes on a church, on the ground that a fair was held in the building for profit, whereas, to be exempt from taxation, buildings must be used exclusively for divine purposes.

Mr. Henry L. Clapp, a business man of New York, went down the bay on a European steamer to bid a friend farewell, and was compelled to go across the ocean, the boat in which he expected to return having left him in the lurch.

That was a pleasant way of giving notice to a pastor that the wind had been raised, which was illustrated by the parishioners of Rev. Dr. Cliff, of Newark, N. J., who received a fan made of bank notes from the members of his flock.

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE CAREFUL to give prompt attention and rational treatment to a severe Cold—or a racking Cough—as these are commonly the chief primary symptoms of a disordered state of the Lungs, involving a tendency to develop into a settled Consumption. Persons of a delicate constitution or those having weak or diseased Lungs, should be especially solicitous to treat the earliest symptoms of a Cold in order to head off more dangerous complications; prudently keep by you, therefore, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, that you may administer at once a judicious curative, during the first stages of any Throat or Lung disorder, for not only are the special symptoms of these complaints more tractable and easily controlled then, but the general strength and tone of the system has not had time to be seriously affected, and is therefore amenable to the recuperative and healing properties of the Expectorant. A little attention to what may seem a trifling Cold, may save you from the fate of a lingering Consumption.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

O'R the wide expanse of drifting ocean, where great rocks rear their darkening heads; where the setting sun flits brightly o'er the surface and lights the merry waves, a faint shadow glides swiftly over the sunlight, and in its outline I can dimly trace the shadow of my ship coming in.

I fancy I hear the captain's voice telling that land is near; and the loved ones' faces sparkle with untold joy in contemplating the meeting that awaits them on the shore, and I can almost see those same blue eyes as they were of old, the desperate fire gone that flashed so passionately when he left me here on this lonely shore.

But fancy in her fairy dreams has led real truths away.

I am sitting here in my lonely retreat; the low-hanging vines are serving as a canopy, and a great old rock forming the back of my chair, while on each side two irregular embankments are standing, as if nature had intended my idle hands should rest thereon; and my eyes, which have tired of reading Byron, are now gazing adown the vast expanse of white, surging foam that I hope is bringing my ship to me.

And yet why do I call it my ship?

Ah, because it is freighted with the most precious boon of life! He left me in anger—he that I loved but too well—and the ship bore him away to distant lands, I suppose, where I may never hear of him again; through all these years I have been patient, but to day I am so weary of waiting and watching!

The great sea-bird flapped his wings a moment since, and flew swiftly over the distance that intervened between my ship and me, and seemed to mock my impatience with merry laughter; and as he drew near I saw he was snowy white, and accepted it as a favorable omen that in the future—the not far distant future—my ship should safely reach the landing, and bring with it my idol. How gladly would I welcome him back once more, and bend this pride of mine, and bid him stay with me, and willingly beg of him to forget those hasty words, that caused him perhaps never more to return!

I long to know if, when my ship shall nearly reach the haven, some cruel sea monster will suddenly uplift his head and unconsciously overturn the precious craft—that vessel that I have watched for so long and so patiently.

Perhaps such will be its fate, like frail humanity's earthly hopes, wherein so many find their brightest expectations wrecked in the briny deep; the monstrous sea may bear on his huge billows the body of my dead darling, and finally carry him to the yawning depth below.

The weary years that have passed since my frail bark first started on the great ocean have been numbered with greatest anxiety, and the deathly pain that seized my heart when I saw him going away from me has never quitted its hold.

And now I am tired of waiting for him that never comes, and will trace my steps back home.

So I gather up my sea-treasures—the world's unselfish treasures, such as are not purchased for gold—this wealth of wild sea-weed, and those beautiful shells found on the shore.

And as I start to go, I look back, and see in the distance a huge sail making its way towards the land, and I wonder if it is mine.

But I content myself by saying "I shall know in the future," and quietly muse upon the time when I may come to my so repeatedly, "When my ship comes in."

GAGS AND GAGGING.—When an actor adds speeches to his part that were not originally written there, he is said to be gagging; and under ordinary circumstances this same gagging is a pitiful vice; but there are times when it is allowable. Take, for instance, the occasion when a great actor was playing the part of Rolla in the celebrated play of "Pizarro." The manager did not think it necessary to make the "star" aware that the state both of the treasury and wardrobe forbade the employment of the usual force of supernumeries; so when the representative of Attalla's army appeared on the scene, Rolla was paralyzed with astonishment, and stopped short in his invocation. Quickly recovering himself, however, he exclaimed: "What! all slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate," &c., a piece of gag pardonable under the circumstances. Hardly so excusable was that perpetrated by a comedian at a London theatre. His absence delayed the rising of the curtain for half an hour. At length he came, and easily made his peace by explaining that he had been detained at home by an interesting domestic event. The well-known prison scene came; and the following colloquy took place between Rolla and the soldier: "Hast thou a wife?" "I have." "Hast thou children?" "I had two this morning, I have got three now!" Exit Rolla in a passion, amid loud and prolonged laughter. For that night at least the comedian was the hero of the play. "Let me play Catesby to your Richard," said a country tailor with a soul above buttons, to George Frederick Cooke, "and I will make you a coat for nothing." The bargain was struck. Catesby got on well enough till he came to the tent-scene; but rushing on the stage at Richard's challenge of "Who's there?" he was so startled by the great actor's glance, that he stood transfixed, only able to stammer out. "'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock;" and there he stuck fast, while the people shouted with delight, and Cooke growled out, "Why the deuce don't you crow then?" Sometimes comical interpolations come from the audience. ▲ certain actress was playing Queen Anne, and on piteously inquiring "Oh, when shall I have rest?" a ruthless grocer shouted out, "Not till you have paid me, my bill, ma'am!" A story is told of the celebrated Peg Woffington which gives evidence of her natural quickness. She was playing Sylvia, in the "Recruiting Officer." "Sylvia," Balance asked, his tongue playing a strange prank, "how old were you when your mother was married?" "What, sir?" "Pshaw! I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?" "I regret, sir, I cannot answer your questions; but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died!" Peg was not so stupid as the actors who persisted in sticking to his text, when Elliston, as Richmond, blundering asked, "Is young George Stanley slain?" and replied "He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town!" Sometimes tongue-tripping proves catching, as when Mrs. Davenport exclaimed, "I protest, there's a candle coming along the gallery with a man in its hands," and Mrs. Gibbs directly afterwards declared, "Betty has locked the key and carried away the door in her pocket." These are but a few of the comical episodes of theatrical life which are continually occurring.

Humorous.

Leading articles—Musical conductors' batons.

Time will heal all things except an old pair of shoes.

The largest room in the world—The room for improvement.

How to expedite the mules—Get papa to ask what their intentions are.

"God bless our boarding-house!" has never been worked in worsted.

The owner of a race-horse often finds it difficult to keep up with his running expenses.

Patients often do more for doctors than doctors can do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.

No, you cannot raise chickens from egg-plants. You might as well try to raise calves from a cow-catcher.

When the captain of a ship gives the helmsman directions, the helmsman takes them as a matter of course.

We have received some verses from an unknown poet, beginning: "How can I ease my throbbing brow?" Try brown paper soaked in vinegar tied round the head.

"Yes," said Dr. Pillington, innocently, "I shall retire from the profession now. I have got enough, and am willing to give somebody else a chance. My motto is, "Live and let live." And a good one, too.

Something of a sensation was created in Brooklyn when it was announced that Talmage appeared in his pulpit on Sunday before Christmas with a crown on his head and a palm in each hand. The excitement subsided when it was explained that, like the rest of us, he was born that way.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A MEETING of the stockholders of *Our Continent* Publishing Company will be held at the office of said Company, in the city of Philadelphia, on the twenty-sixth day of March, 1883, to elect officers and vote upon an increase and preference of stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Jan. 27, 1883. H. W. B. HOWARD, Sec'y.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes superfluous hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 30 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post paid on receipt of price.

"Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,"

109 Fulton Street, New York

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES, Needles, Parts, Attachments, Sewing Machine Findings, etc.

LUFKIN BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

NATIONAL BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

806 Chestnut St. - - Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Read the Following from

DR. J. H. SCHENCK,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Have you ever heard of my Medicines?

Have you seen my book on "Consumption and its Cure?"

I am well aware that almost everyone skips medical advertisements in their paper, and this is often the case even when they are suffering from some serious disease. The reason for it is plain. The people have been humbugged so often that it is hard for them to put confidence in anything. Now, I claim that with reasonable care and proper medicines,

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

always, in its first and second stages, unless complicated with other diseases, and quite often in what is termed its third or last stage. I freely admit that if I had not seen and known many of the people whose certificates I give in my book when they were at the worst, and made a thorough examination of their lungs, I could hardly believe that my medicines would do what they have done.

In the last thirty five years, I make a low estimate when I say that THOUSANDS of pronounced cases of Consumption have been cured by my Medicines, after they had been given up to die by their friends and physicians.

Now, I wish to prove to you that all I say in this advertisement, as well as in my book, is true in every particular. I have therefore given the exact residence of the people whose certificates I publish in my book, (the street and number of all who reside in large cities,) so that you can find them if you wish to call on or write them a letter. In my book there are nearly a hundred letters; they are not the worst cases that I have cured, but are selected from ALL SECTIONS, so that those who are interested may find some name among them that it will be possible for them to visit.

I send this book free, postpaid to all applicants.

Besides the certificates, it contains valuable information in regard to the care and attention that should be given to those afflicted with consumption, as well as a description of the disease in all its various forms. In sending for my book, it is only necessary to write your name and address plainly on a postal card and send it to

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON,

Cor. 6th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

My Medicines, Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, are for sale by all druggists, and full directions for their use are given on the wrappers of every package.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices.

Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.

☞ Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

LODER'S

DIGESTIVE POWDER.

Certain Cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fetid Breath, Constipation, &c. 50 and $1. mailed.

C. C. A. LODER, Apothecary,

1539 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY.

OUR NEW PACK FOR 1883.

50 All Chromo Cards, (Extra Fine Stock, Artistic designs of Swiss Floral, Sea-view, Wreath, Landscape, Gold and Silver Lace, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer and Winter Scenes, all in beautiful and gaudy colors), with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 200 costly styles for 1883, 25c. 50 var'd, gilt & gem, with handsome prizes given for circle, 25 cents. Premium List with every order. CAXTON PRINTING CO. Northford, Ct.

FOR YOU HOW TO MAKE MONEY FAST and plenty of it, send name and address on Postal Card only, and get it. C. LESTER, 22 New Church St., New York.

50 Lovely Moss Rose, Birds, Motto, Lilies, Winter and Moonlight Scenes, &c., all beautiful Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Ætna Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. MITTEN & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

40 new (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. A. HEED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Splendid 12k latest style chromo Cards, name 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Parker, Fair Haven, Ct.

50 All New Chromo Cards for '83, name on 10c, or 40 Gold and Silver 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Brownwood, Tex., Jan. 3, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. E. N.

McArthur, O., Jan. 1, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

A. M. W.

Shenandoah, Ia., Dec. 28, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

J. C. W.

Old Fort, N. C., Jan. 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. J. B.

Malden, Mass., Jan. 7, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

M. L. H.

Delevan, Minn., Dec. 29, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. M. A.

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 1, 83,

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

E. B. S.

Stevensburg, Mich., Jan. 6, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

H. H.

Good Luck, Ark., Dec. 26, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

M. R. W.

Seymour, Ct., Dec. 29, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

A. A. C.

Bagdad, Ky., Dec. 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

M. E. B.

Washington, D. C., Dec 28, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

D. T.

Grenada, Miss., Dec 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

V. I. P.

Jamesport, Mo., Dec. 28, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

A. D.

Flemington, Ky., Dec. 20, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. I. V.

Offutt, Tenn., Dec. 30, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

W. A. K.

Oakley, Idaho, Dec. 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

J. M. S.

Bangor, Mich., Dec. 30, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

H. E. G.

THREE TROUBLES.

Three carpets hung waving in the breeze,
  Abroad in the breeze as the sun went down;
And three husbands with patches of dirt on their knees,
  Whacked whacks that were heard for miles up and down,
For men must work and women must clean,
And the carpets be beaten, no matter how mean,
  While the neighbors do the bossing.

Three housewives leaned out of their windows raised—
  Of their windows raised, where the light streamed in;
And they scrubbed and scrubbed, till their heads grew dazed,
  And their ears were filled with a horrible din.
For the pots will fall, and the kettle go bang,
And boilers refuse in the attic to hang,
  While the husbands do the swearing.

Three husbands went out in the hay-mows to hide—
  In the hay-mows to hide, where their wives ne'er looked,
Each said, as he rolled himself o'er on his side:
  "I guess I will snooze, for I am booked.
For men may swear, but women may dust;
And before I move that stove that I must,
  I'll stay right here till morning!"

Three judges sat on their benches to judge
  Three cases that came from a house-cleaning row.
The parties asserted they never would budge,
  But wanted a divorce "right here and right now."
So the men went off, and the women went home,
And hereafter will do their house-cleaning alone,
  While their former partners snicker.

—S. T. OLEN.

Facetiæ.

A stolen kiss has been described as "peaches and scream."

Why is it that the sun always comes up? Because it rises in the (y)east.

The man who bragged all summer about being a good skater has switched off from that topic, and is now telling the boys what a "boss" he is to bind wheat.

"Is there any certain cure for wrinkles?" asks a Southern girl. Yes, sis, there is. Die young, and you'll never have wrinkles. If you don't know how to die, call in a doctor.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c.

When a lady who has been taking music lessons for the past eight years hangs back, with a blush, and says she can't play, don't insist upon it. The chances are that she can't.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15cts.

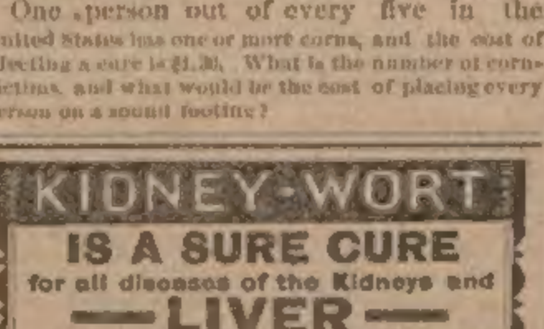
After looking at the specimens of Greek art at the Museum the other day, a gentleman remarked, "Greece must be a very warm country. Nobody seems to wear any clothes there."

A clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington had his fingers crushed by a keg of specie which fell on them. He is one of the few who would ever admit that he had too much cash on hand.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

One person out of every five in the United States has one or more corns, and the cost of effecting a cure is $1.30. What is the number of convictions, and what would be the cost of placing every person on a sound footing?

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYE'S VOLTAIC BELT

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"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

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"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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Agents Wanted.
Apply to H. S. STEPHENS Vice-President.

Thirty-Fifth Annual Report
--OF THE--
PENN MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, December 31, 1881		$7,314,655.03
Receipts during the year,		
For Premiums	$1,558,176.62	
For Interest	490,797.30	1,648,973.92
		$8,963,628.95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death	$468,775.04	
Matured Endowments	67,932.00	
Surrendered Policies	94,720.22	
Cash and Note Dividends	287,294.51	
Re-Insurance	6,804.99	
Total Paid Policy-Holders	$925,527.75	
Taxes and Legal Expenses	23,183.32	
Salaries, Medical Fees, and Office Expenses	78,154.91	
Commissions to Agents, Rents, etc.	115,307.40	
Agency and other Expenses,	65,455.99	
Advertising, Printing Supplies	17,633.61	
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, etc.	7,049.93	1,232,790.92
Net Assets, January 1, 1883		$7,894,738.03

ASSETS.

Philadelphia and other City Loans, R. R. and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks	$3,659,534.40
Mortgages and Ground Rents	2,941,631.50
Premium Notes secured by Policies, etc.	605,576.78
Loans on Collaterals, etc.	646,867.00
Home Office and Real Estate Bought to secure Loans	829,778.53
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand	64,229.82
Net Ledger Assets as above	$7,894,738.03
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums	140,273.25
Interest due and accrued	30,430.44
Market Value of Stock, etc., over cost	307,985.00
Gross Assets, January 1, 1883	$8,373,427.72

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due	$165,634.07	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks	6,854,589.00	
Surplus on Life Rate End'ts, etc., and General Surplus, 4 per cent. basis	1,453,324.65	$8,473,827.72
Surplus at 4½ per cent. Pennsylvania Standard, (estimated)		$1,809,472.53
Amount of Insurance in force		$29,194,822.00
Number of Policies issued in 1882		5,698
Amount Insured in 1882		$6,435,440.00

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.
EDWARD M. NEEDLES, Vice-President.
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YOUR NAME Printed on 50 Extra Large Chromos in silver, 12c. post-paid. French and Swiss Scrolls, remembrance & Good Luck, German, Floral, Motto, and Verse Cards, Name in fancy script type, 10c, 14 packs $1. Our Beautiful Bound Book of 100 styles for 1883, 25c. Reduced Price List with each order. Illustrated premium List, &c. Address, S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.

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40 HORSESHOE, HAND and BOUQUET, CHROMO CARDS, Name on, 10 cents. C. W. BROOKS, Jamaica, Vermont.

50 Chromo or 20 Transparent cards with name and Handsome Present, 10c. Gem Card Co., E. River, Ct.

30 Gilt Edge Cards, with name and elegant case, 10 cents. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Stamps and other Goods. Circulars free. G. A. Harper Mf'g Co., Detroit, Mich.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. Illustrated Catalogue free. J. Dietz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IT is always a great pleasure to have something perfectly new to speak about, and that anything in the domain of fashion which can with justice be so designated possesses uncommon piquancy and charm it is probable no woman will deny.

Well, something quite new has appeared in neck dressings.

At last, we might add: for, during some years now all lingerie for the neck has been made up of innumerable variations on two or three set models, each variation different enough from the others as to detail, but all preserving the same general features throughout.

The present innovation, and it must be admitted that it is a complete one, consists of high, plain, straight collars of velvet, to the front of which is generally attached a plastron that may have different shapes, and upon which are plaitings or jabots of lace variously disposed.

The velvet can be plain or figured and of any color; but plain black velvet is most common, as being serviceable with any dress.

These velvet collars are quite taking the place of lisse ruffles with somewhat dressy mistresses.

No white need be worn next the throat, though lace plaitings may be set inside the collar when that is more becoming, or a flat row of lace tacked over the lining and the edge turned over on the outside for the depth of an inch, and there laid quite flat and close, to have the appearance of a very narrow officer's collar.

The velvet collar itself takes different shapes.

Sometimes it is simply a piece of velvet ribbon, an inch and a-half wide, passed straight and tight around the throat, with the ends notched or tied in the back.

In one model, instead of being tied, they are held together by a fancy gilt buckle, a pendant to which appears on the front of the collar as well, the ribbon being shaped a trifle under it by a little three-cornered plait.

A lace and mull jabot depends from this buckle, and, just above its final plaiting, which reaches to the waist, there is another band of velvet ribbon and other gilt buckle slipped over it.

Some velvet collars are also rather round and sloped off in front a trifle, the material being used on the bias.

But the favorite shape is the officer's collar, very high and stiff, and with the corners either very square in front or very slightly rounded, and in both cases all but meeting.

This is certainly the most stylish shape. But, naturally, the chief consideration in individual cases is whether it is becoming: to round faces it is apt not to be, as the close high line of the velvet gives the jaws a broad, heavy look: a band of velvet ribbon, or a Byron collar, should be chosen in such cases.

In this, as in everything else, a woman must take the trouble to study what best suits her.

We have said that the plastrons which accompanied the velvet collars were of various shapes.

One, for instance, has the form of a man's flat folded scarf.

A frill of lace is gathered loosely down the centre of it.

Another is a long oval, like the plastron on the bodice of a dress, and is finished off at the waist with a double plaiting of lace to match that which forms a knot at the throat.

Dark garnet and sapphire blue are the colors chiefly chosen for velvet collars, after black.

Now for another new thing in lingerie. This consists in very full plastrons of plain or figured white mull, or coarse, yellowish net, carried in soft folds down the waist of dresses to be worn indoors, or for a small evening company.

These plastrons are gathered to a band of velvet, usually black, at the throat.

Inside the band is a frill of net or mull, and the velvet is fastened in the back.

The whole thing goes on upon the principle of a bib.

The band at the neck is made over a lining of stiff net, but no further foundation is used for the plastron.

In most French models the mull is gathered into a point at the edge, which always reaches to the edge of the bodice.

Sometimes, however, it is shaped in at the waist, and widens again below it.

Across the plastron, one under the bust, and one at the waist, or a line below it, are carried two straps of black velvet ribbon, about two inches in width.

It will be seen that this is simple enough to wear with almost any pretty indoor costume.

For the evening, if a somewhat more dressy effect were desired, the plastron can have a jabot of lace down either side of it.

Some plastrons, too, are finished off like a puff on the edge, instead of being shaped into a point, and they can then have a row of lace along the bottom.

One model, which has jabots of lace down the sides, substitutes slender cut steel ornaments to the velvet straps, and three of these cross the figured mull plastron below the bust.

The line of white is there very narrow, but widens considerably from the bust upward.

At the throat there is a full inch of the same lace used for the jabots. These thin plastrons meet the same need as ruffs, and having just now the charm of perfect novelty into the bargain, a certain vogue may be predicted for them.

It is particularly good to know of them, now that Lent is almost upon us and large entertainments must give place to more informal gatherings, where demi-toilette is oftener worn than full dress.

Any nice toilet, dark or light, is improved by this pretty new neck dressing, and a short visiting costume is brightened up by it sufficiently to do duty perfectly for any unceremonious evening entertainment. One thing we will remark; the white plastrons are chiefly suitable for young women.

The fichus still have the advantage here, for they may be worn at any age.

While we are on the subject of lingerie, for the neck, we may notice that the newest thing in crepe lisse ruffling is considered to be three frills scalloped into quite sharp points on the edge, and worked in button-hole-stitch.

Bodices of separate material, and, at times, of separate color from the skirts continue to be worn a great deal in Paris, and the fashion is copied here.

But there is a great change in the shape of the waists.

They are no longer long "casquins," nor cuirass basques, but extremely short bodices, very often cut upon the edges in blocks or points.

One very Frenchy model has the skirt back pieces below the waist tied up in a little bow.

This bodice is plain along the edge, and has in front a narrow plastron of velvet, with three rows of very small flat steel buttons down both sides of it.

When the edge is crenellated the waist is often made with only one seam in the back.

French dressmakers always recommend a black velvet bodice for every woman's wardrobe.

It proves a most useful possession at all times, and does with light or dark skirts. Cloth bodices, dark blue or green, or brown or red, are next in point of serviceableness, and also may be worn with almost any style of skirt.

With a velvet plastron and a high, straight velvet collar, under which may be set a plain linen one that barely shows beyond the velvet, following its outline exactly, a stylishly cut well-fitting cloth bodice has an excellent effect worn with a velvet skirt, simply made.

Another nice model for a costume combined of velvet and cloth—a combination much favored at present, and that will have evidently a particular run as early Spring approaches—has a flounce of finely plaited brown cloth on the bottom of the foundation skirt; this flounce is three-eighths of a yard in depth, upon it fall all around the skirt long laps of brown velvet sharpened into points on the edge, and joined together by narrow clusters of very fine lengthwise folds of velvet.

The points come to within a couple of inches of the hem of the flounce.

A cloth drapery is carried, in heavy regular folds across the front of the dress, gathered up quite high on the left side, under a broad strap of velvet, and allowed to fall quite low on the right. In the back the same drapery is puffed to form quite a large tournure, and its lower edge is turned under, making a puff.

Fireside Chat.

MATTERS MISCELLANEOUS AND USEFUL.

JAPANESE PLAQUE.—Select four Japanese fans, those that open and close, two blue and two crimson. Remove the rivets which hold them together at the bottom, and cut off the outside stiff sticks.

Lay them on a table in the form of a circle, alternating the blue and red.

The sticks must form the outside edge of the plaque, and the edge of the pleated paper is gathered in the middle, like a rosette; sew it securely, and place a full bow of satin ribbon, either scarlet or blue, or a mixture of both, matching the color of the fans, a cluster of flowers is also held in place by the ribbon.

Blue, scarlet, and gold ribbons are then run through the sticks in basket work fashion, leaving about an inch at the ends of the sticks projecting beyond the last row of ribbon.

A full bow, with loops and ends of the same colored ribbons used for twining through the sticks, is placed at the top of the loops by which the plaque is to be suspended.

They are hung as other plaques, against the wall, and are novel and pretty.

Cradle Quilts.—Very pretty cradle quilts are made of pink foulard or sateen quilted in diamonds one inch in size, having it sufficiently large to hang over the sides of the cradle about six inches, and bordering with torchon lace.

A dainty one was recently made of a square of fine white flannel on which were placed four strips of pale blue ribbon, two inches wide, hatened down with blue silk in point-russe, and a row of feather-stitch in white silk worked upon the ribbon to border each edge, while on the flannel strips, were embroidered clusters of forget-me-nots and violets.

Lace three inches wide bordered the quilt.

Silk book-covers, ornamented with the initials of the owner, are very pretty and serviceable when made of black silk and embroidered with gold.

A Blotter.—Select six sheets of blotting-paper, each one a different color, and cut to fit them exactly two pieces of white or tinted bristol board.

On these last paint in water-color two pretty designs.

These are for the covers. Pierce a hole through the top and bottom of the leaves about half an inch from the upper and lower edges.

With gay ribbons tie them together, making a full bow and ends. They are very useful and pretty for the library table. Instead of a cover of bristol board, silk, satin, or plush, may be used, making them handsome and richer looking.

In this case four pieces of card-board must be cut to match the size of the blotting-paper.

Cover one side of each with the material to be used, and overhand each pair together. Place the blotting-paper between the covers, as leaves in a book, and tie them together with with ribbons as described. The designs used may be of birds, flowers, figures or whatever may suggest itself to the mind as suitable or pretty for them.

They are inexpensive little trifles, and find a very ready sale at fairs.

Kid-gloves.—There is a recipe for preparing kid gloves which will make the hands soft and white. Turn over the gloves and rub well the kid with a paste of orris powder diluted with a little rose water; then let the gloves dry in the shade; when well dried wipe them softly and shake them a little.

Make a mixture with 4 yolks of very fresh eggs and one spoonful of sweet almond oil, stir the whole on hot cinders and add one-fourth ounce of beeswax; when the melted wax is well mixed with the yolks and oil, daub the gloves well all over with the compound while still hot; then put the gloves on a polished board or table and pass them over with a roller so as to spread the mixture and remove the surplus; then turn over the gloves on the right side.

The Day's Idea.—The great idea of the day is to possess the handsome and most precious antique tapestries and embroidered silks, priceless materials and marvels of richness so coveted by amateurs.

Embroideries proceeding from Spain or or Italy; old satin chasubles, stoles, and capes; Genoa velvets embossed in gold and silver—all those ornaments of the prelates of other ages are bought at extravagant prices.

The style is to possess the greatest quantity of those precious fabrics, to spread them in all the rooms and even to hang them on the walls to the best possible advantage, and people are quite distracted to find some new ways of exhibiting the precious things.

Now, there is a craze for draperies; mirrors are draped; fire-places and mantels are draped, pianos are draped and look as old Doge of Venice, and every piece of furniture disappears under the most magnificent remains of past ages.

In France, the wealthy classes are a prey to the most extravagant and passionate taste for such as faiences, paintings, and above all, costly bits of old fabrics; after that comes the passion for beautiful flowers; antiques and flowers are to be found in all comfortable homes.

Coffee a Disinfectant.—It is not sufficiently known that when coffee beans are placed upon hot coals or on a hot plate the flavor arising is one of the most effective and at the same time agreeable disinfectants. If no heat is disposable, even the spreading of ground coffee on the object to be disinfected, even if it be a cadaver, is most satisfactory. Some journals announce this as a newly discovered fact, but it appears by investigation that it was well known by nurses and housewives 40 years ago, while some members of the medical profession became only convinced of its value some 20 years ago, while at present the majority of the physicians are not aware of the virtues of this simple and agreeable remedy.

Correspondence.

CAMERON, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—Try it, and let us know the result.

HARRY, (Richmond, Va.)—No harm can come of reading "Childe Harold."

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

HISTORICUS, (Americus, Ga.)—Procure Gibbon's "History of Rome," and it will give you all the information you require.

NELLIE, (Knox, Me.)—Do not make any such foolish promise. The young man has no right to require it of you. Many causes may arise to interrupt your present harmony, and perhaps break off your engagement.

ROSAMOND D., (Mitchell, Ga.)—The inscription on the back of the photograph is such as should proceed from a friend only, not from a lover. If you think it a necessary act of courtesy to present him with yours in return, the back had better be left blank.

V. S. D., (Cecil, Md.)—Tell the lady frankly how you feel drawn towards her, and that your chief happiness in life would be to work for her. If she does not accept such devotion and offer of service, she will at least respect you, and, very likely, give you good advice.

LAMBERT, (Baton Rouge, La.)—Cortez, in 1535, applied the name to the peninsula now known as Lower or Old California, of which he was the discoverer. It is thought that he got it from an old Spanish romance that was published in 1510, in which the name California is given to an imaginary island "near the Terrestrial Paradise," abounding in great treasures of gold.

SPENCERIAN, (Baraga, Mich.)—We think there is always some correspondence between the handwriting and the character of the writer. For instance, your writing, though rather pretty, is hard to read. The capitals and the flourishes are better than the small letters. One might gather from this that you are inclined to attach importance to things really unimportant.

ABBOTT, (McLean, Ill.)—The fair Magalonia, daughter of the King of Naples, is the heroine of an old romance of chivalry, originally written in France, but translated into Spanish in the fifteenth century. Cervantes alluded to this romance in "Don Quixote." The main incident of the story turns on a flying horse made by Merlin, which came into the possession of Peter of Provence.

EMILY, (Woodford, Ky.)—Your questions have been puzzles to the wisest theologians. We cannot tell you whence or who the woman was that Cain married when he fled into the Land of Nod, after slaying his brother, nor the women that Noah and his sons married after the flood; for the Bible is silent on both points, and there is no other record to which we can refer to clear up the matter.

DUKE, (Salem, N. J.)—We never heard of any cosmetic that would enable the Ethiopian to change his skin. Mungo Park, Bruce, Livingstone, and other eminent travelers, tell us of parts of the world where black people are looked upon as far superior to white ones. In some of these countries the blacks make slaves of all the white people they can capture, and so far as heard from, there hasn't been an abolition party started in those regions.

D. E. M., (Gentry, Mo.)—In this country it would be considered very unusual for a gentleman to ask a lady, to whom he was only slightly acquainted, to fix a particular evening for him to call. Your proper course is to call on the young lady, and if you are unlucky enough to find her out or engaged, you must try again. It would probably have been better for you to have stopped and spoken a few words to the young lady whom you saw with her friends; but without knowing the extent of your intimacy we could not say positively.

READER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Eugene Aram was born in 1704. He enjoyed a remarkable reputation for extensive scholarship, acquired under the greatest difficulties, his family being very poor. While serving as a schoolmaster he became implicated in a robbery committed by a man named Daniel Clark, but was discharged for lack of evidence. He went immediately to London, and Clark disappeared at the same time. Twenty-five years afterwards Aram was arrested and tried for the murder of Clark. He was convicted and hanged.

BENEDICT, (Palatka, Fla.)—You want to know how best to procure a wife. Look out for the young lady that pleases you in most particulars; get introduced to her, then try to win her heart and affections. When you are satisfied you have done this, ask her if she will marry you; but if you distrust your own powers of management, consult some kindly-disposed woman; never ask advice from a male friend in these matters. The stupidest woman that ever was born is better than the cleverest man in love affairs. The worst of young men is, they never know their worth until it is too late.

DRISCOLL, (Oxford, N. Y.)—You ask the strangest question we have yet had to answer, "How to cure a passionate temper?" This is an infirmity that no medicine will cure. Therein the patient must minister to himself. And that is the course you must adopt, both for your own future happiness, and for that of those who are or may be around you. When you feel your passion rising, quit the room, and endeavor by a walk or some occupation to compose your mind. If your anger has been justly aroused, do not set upon it at once, but wait until you are cool, and then you will be able to find moderate words in which to express your feelings. Persevere in this for a time, always remembering that "anger is a bad counsellor," and you will soon get over this infirmity.

ROSE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—1. We believe there are some persons who are superstitious enough to think that ill-luck would pursue any young lady who tried on a wedding ring before her marriage. While not partaking this belief we would certainly advise every unmarried lady to pay more attention to the engagement ring, and to leave the other to come in its proper time. 2. It would be highly improper for a young lady at a public meeting, or in a private assembly, to force her company upon a gentleman, in order to gain his affections—whether the acquaintanceship has been of long or short duration. It would, as you say, be much more dignified and ladylike if she behaved as though aware of the respect and esteem due to her, and would doubtless have much more effect on the gentleman, than if, to use an expressive vulgarism, she "flung herself at him." No young lady will ever extort admiration from one of the sterner sex, or gain a husband that is worth having, by running after him.